POEMS, &c.

WRITTEN BY

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And Printed by a Copy of his own hand-writing.

All the Lyrick Poems in this Booke were set by Mr. HENRY LAWES, Gent. of the Kings Chappell, and one of his Majesties Private Musick.

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To my Lady.

MADAM,

YOur Commands for the gathering of these sticks into a Faggot, had sooner been obeyed, but intending to present you with my whole Vintage: I staid till the latest Grapes were ripe, for here your Ladiship hath not onely all I have done, but all I ever mean to doe in this kind: Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetrie by the examples (not to trouble you with Historie) of many wise, and worthie persons of our own times: as Sr. Philip Sidney, *Sir* Fra.Bacon, *Cardinall* Perron, *the ablest of his Countrie-men; and the former Pope, who they say, instead of the*

triple Crown, wore sometimes the Poets Ivie, as an ornament, perhaps of lesser weight, and trouble. But Madam, these Nightingales sung onely in the Spring, it was the diversion of their youth. As Ladies learn to sing and play when they are Children, what they forget when they are women; The resemblance holds further: for as you quit the Lute the sooner, because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry: so this is not alwayes practised without some villany to the mind, wresting it from present occasions, and accustoming us to a Still somewhat removed from common use. But that you may not think his case deplorable, who had made verses: we are told that Tully (the greatest wit among the Romans) was once sick of this disease, and yet recovered so well, that of almost as bad a Poet as your Servant, he became the most perfect Orator in

in the world. So that not so much to have made verses, as not to give over in time, leaves a man without excuse: the former presenting us with an opportunity at least of doing wisely: that is to conceale those we have made, which I shall yet doe, if my humble request may be of as much force with your Ladyship, as your Commands have been with me; Madam, I onely whisper these in your ears: if you publish them, they are your own, and therefore as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit, and a Poet, cast them into the fire, or if they come where green boughs are in the Chimney, with the help of your faire friends, (for thus bound, it will be to hard a taske for your hãds alone) to teare them in pieces, wherein you shall honour me with the fate of Orpheus, *for so his Poems, whereof we onely heare the forme (not his limbs as the storie*

will

will have it) I suppose were scattered by the Thracian Dames. Here Madam I might take an opportunitie to Celebrate your vertues, and to instruct you how unhappie you are, in that you know not who you are: How much you excell the most excellent of your own: And how much you amaze the least inclined to wonder of our Sex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladiship for a Roman name: So would they believe that I indeavoured the Character of a perfect Nimph, worshipt an Image of my own making, and Dedicated this to the Ladie of the brain, not of the heart of your Ladiships most humble servant,

E. W.

An advertiſement to the Reader.

REader. This parcell of exquiſit poems, have paſſ'd up and downe through many hands amongſt perſons of the beſt quallity, in looſe imperfect Manuſcripts, and there is lately obtruded to the world an adulterate Copy, ſurruptitiouſly and illegally imprinted, to the derogation of the Author, and the abuſe of the Buyer. But in this booke they apeare in their pure originalls and true genuine colours. In ſo much that they feare not (as young Eaglets uſe to be tryed whither they are ſpurious, or of a right extraction) to look upon the

Sunne

Sun in the Meridian, in regard *Apollo* himselfe, the grand Patron of Poets seemd not only to cast many favourable aspects, but by his more then ordinary influence to cooperate in their production; as will appeare to the intelligent and cleare-sighted Reader, by that constant veine of *gold* (the minerall which that planet owmes more then any other) which runnes through every one of them.

Thus they go abroad unsophisticated, and like the present condition of the Author himselfe they are expos'd to the wide world, to travell, and try their fortunes: And I beleeve there is no gentle soule that pretends any thing to knowledge and the choycest sort of invention but will give them entertainment and welcome.

POEMS.

Of the danger his Majestie (being Prince) escaped at the rode at St. *Andere*.

NOw had his Highnes bid farewell to Spaine
And reach't the sphere of his owne power, the (Main;
With Brittish bounty in his ship hee feasts
Th' Hesperian Princes, his amazed ghuests.
To finde that watry wildernes exceed,
The entertainments of their great Madrid.
Healths to both Kings, attended with the rore
Of Canons, echo'd from th' affrighted shore.
With loud resemblance of his Thunder, prove
Bacchus the seed of cloud compelling *Jove*;

While to his harp divine Arion ſings
The loves and conqueſts of our *Albion* Kings:
,, Of the fourth *Edward* was his noble ſong,
,, Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautifull and young.
,, He rent the Crowne from vanquiſht *Henry's* head,
,, Rais'd the white Roſe, and trampled on the red:
,, Till love triumphing ore the victors pride
,, Brought *Mars* and *Warwick* to the conquer'd ſide.
,, Neglected *Warwick* (whoſe bold hand like Fate
,, Gives and reſumes the ſcepter of our State)
,, Woes for his Maiſter, and with double ſhame
,, Himſelfe deluded mocks the Princely Dame
,, The Lady *Bona*, whom iuſt anger burnes
,, And forein warre With civill rage returnes.
,, Ah ſpare your ſwords, where beauty is to blame,
,, Love gaye th' affront, and muſt repaire the ſame,
,, When *Eraĉe* ſhal boaſt of her whoſe cõquering eye
,, Have made the beſt of Engliſh hearts their prize,

,, Have

„ Have power to alter the decree of fate,
„ And change againe the Counſells of our State.
What the Prophetick Muſe intends, alone
To him that feeles the ſecret wound is knowne.
With the ſweete ſound of this harmonious lay
About the Keele delighted *Dolphins* play;
Too ſure a ſigne of ſeas enſuing rage
Which muſt anon this Royall troup ingage.
To whom ſoft ſleepe ſeemes more ſecure and ſweete
Within the Towne commanded by our fleete.
These mighty Peeres plac'd in the guilded Barge,
Proud with the burden of ſo brave a charge,
With painted Oares the youth begin to ſweep
Neptunes ſmooth face and cleave the yeilding deep,
Which ſoone becomes the ſeate of ſudden warre
Betwixt the winde and tide, that fiercely jarre.
As when a ſort of luſty ſhepheards try
Their force at ſooteball, care of victory

Makes them ſalute ſo rudely breſt to breſt,
That their encounters ſeeme too rough for jeſt.
They ply their feete, and ſtill the reſtles ball
Toſt to and fro is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtfull Barge twixt tide and windes,
And like effect of their contention findes.
Yet the bold *Britans* ſtill ſecurely row'd,
Charles and his vertue was their ſacred load.
Then which a greater pledge heaven could not give,
That the good boate this Tempeſts ſhould out live.
But ſtormes increaſe, and now no hope of grace
Among them ſhines, ſave in the Princes face.
The reſt reſigne their courage, skill, and ſight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night:
The gentle veſſell wont with ſtate and pride
On the ſmooth back of ſilver Thames to ride,
Wanders aſtoniſht through the angry Main,
As *Titans* carre did, while the golden raine

Fil'd the young hand of his adventurous sonne,
When the whole world an equall hazard runne.
To this of ours, the light of whose desire
Waves threaten now as that was skard by fire.
Th' impatient Sea growes impotent and raves,
That (night assisting) his impetuous waves
Should finde resistance from so light a thing,
These surges ruine, those our safety bring.
Th' oppressed vessell doth the charge abide,
Only because assail'd on every side.
So men with rage and passion set on fire
Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.
The pale *Iberians* had expir'd with feare,
But that their wonder did divert their care,
To see the Prince with danger mov'd no more,
Then with the pleasures of their Court before;
God-like his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
Could soften, nor the face of death affright.

Next to the power of making tempests ceaſe,
Was in that ſtorme to have ſo calme a peace.
Great *Maro* could no greater tempeſt fain,
When the lowd winds uſurping on the Main
For angry *Juno* labour'd to deſtroy
The hated reliques of confounded *Troy*:
His bold *Æneas* on like billowes toſt,
In a tall ſhip and all his countries loſt,
Diſſolves with fear, and both his hands upheld
Proclaimes them happy whom the Greekes had quell'd
In honorable fight: Our Hero ſet
In a ſmall ſhallop, Fortune in his debt,
So neare a hope of crownes and ſcepters more
Then ever *Priam*, when he flouriſh'd, wore.
His loines yet full of ungot Princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear: if any thought annoyes
The gallant youth 'tis loves untaſted ioyes,

And deare remembrance of that fatall glance
For which hee lately pawn'd his heart in *France*,
Where he had ſeen a brighter Nymph then ſhee
That ſprung out of his preſent foe, the Sea.
That noble ardour more then mortall fire
The Conquer'd *Ocean* could not make expire:
Nor angry *Thetis* raiſe her waves above
The Heroique Prince his courage or his love.
'Twas indignation and not feare hee felt
The ſhrine ſhould periſh where that Image dwelt.
Ah Love forbid the nobleſt of thy train,
Should not ſurvive to let her know his pain,
Who nor his perill minding, nor his flame
Is entertain'd with ſome leſſe ſerious game
Among the bright nymphs of the *Gallick* Court,
All highly borne, obſequious to her ſport.
They roſes ſeem, which in their early pride
But halfe reveale and halfe their beauties hide.

Shee the glad morning, which her beames doth throw
Upon their ſmiling leaves, and gild them ſo
Like bright *Aurora*, whoſe refulgent ray
Foretells the fervour of enſuing day,
And warnes the ſhepherd with his flockes retreat
To leavy ſhadowes from the threatned heat.

From *Cupids* ſtring of many ſhafts that fled,
Wing'd with thoſe plumes which noble fame had ſhed,
As through the wondring world ſhe flew and told
Of his adventures haughty, brave, and bold.
Some had already toucht the royall Maide,
But loves firſt ſummons ſeldome are obey'd.
Light was the wound, the Prince his care unknowne,
She might not, would not, yet reveale her owne.

His glorious name had ſo poſſeſt her eares,
That with delight thoſe antique tales ſhe heares
Of *Iaſon*, *Theſeus*, and ſuch worthies old,
As with his ſtory beſt reſemblance hold.

And

And now ſhe views as on the wall it hung,
What old *Muſeus* ſo divinely ſung,
Which art with life and love did ſo inſpire,
That ſhee diſcernes and favours that deſire.
Which there provokes th' adventerous youth to ſwim,
And in *Leanders* danger pitties him,
Whoſe not new love alone, but fortune ſeekes
To frame his ſtory like that amorous Greekes.
For from the ſterne of ſome good ſhip appeares
A freindly light, which moderates their feares.
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o're the waves that taper make,
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that faire *Heros* hand extends.
The ſhip at anchor like a fixed rock, (knock;
Breakes the proud billowes, which her large ſides
Whoſe rage reſtrained foming higher ſwells,
And from her port the weary barge repells.

Threatning

Threatning to make her forced out againe
Repeate the dangers of the troubled Maine.
Twice was the cable hurld in vaine, the Fates
Would not bee moved for our ſiſter States.
For *England* is the third ſuccesfull throw,
And then the *Genius* of that land they know.
Whoſe Prince muſt bee (as their owne bookes device)
Lord of the *Scene* where now his danger lyes.
Well ſung the Roman Bard, all humane things
Of dearest value hang on ſlender ſtrings.
O ſee the then ſole hope, and in deſigne
Of heaven our ioy ſupported by a line,
Which for that inſtant was heavens care above
The chaine that's fixed to the throne of *Jove*,
On which the fabrick of our world depends;
One linke diſſolv'd the whole creation ends.

Of

Of his Majesties receiving the newes of the Duke of *Buckinghams* death.

SO earnest with thy God! can no new care
Nor sense of danger, interrupt thy prayer?
The sacred wrestler, till a blessing given,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers heaven.
Nor was the streame of thy devotion stop'd
When from the body such a limb was lop'd,
As to thy present state was no lesse maime,
Though thy wise choyce has since repair'd the same.
Bold *Homor* durst not so great vertue fain
In his best patterne for *Patroclus* slain.
With such amazement as weake mothers use
And frantick gesture hee receives the newes.
Yet fell his darling by th' impartiall chance
Of warre impos'd by royall *Hectors* lance.

Thine

Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torne from thy bosome, left his high command.
The famous Painter could allow no place
For private sorrow in a Princes face.
Yet that his piece might not exceed beleife,
Hee cast a vaile upon supposed greife.
T'was want of such a president as this
Made the old heathen frame their Gods amisse.
Their *Phœbus* should not act a fonder part,
For the faire boy, then he did for his Hart:
Nor blame for *Hyacinthus* fate his owne,
That kept him frõ wish'd death, hadst thou bin known.
Yet hee that weighs with thine good *Davids* deeds,
Shall finde his passion, not his love exceeds.
He curst the Mountaines where his brave friend dy'd,
But lets false *Ziba* with his heire divide:
Where thy immortall love to thy blest freinds
Like that of heaven upon the seede descends.

Such

Such huge extremes inhabit thy great minde
God-like unmov'd, and yet like woman kinde.
Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
Our *Charles* his pedegree from heaven, and taught
How ſome bright dame compreſt by mighty *Jove*,
Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love.

To the King on his Navy.

VVHere ere thy Navy ſpreads her canvas wings
Homage to thee, and peace to all ſhe brings
The French and Spaniard, when thy flaggs appeare
Forget their hatred, and conſent to feare.
So *Jove* from *Ida* did both hoſts ſurvey,
And when hee pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.

Shipps

Ships heretofore in ſeas like fiſhes ſped
The mightieſt ſtill upon the ſmalleſt fed.
Thou on the deepe impoſeſt ſtricter lawes,
And by that iuſtice haſt remov'd the cauſe
Of thoſe rude tempeſts, which for rapine ſent
Too oft (alas) involv'd the innocent.
Now ſhall the Ocean as thy Thames bee free
From both thoſe fates of ſtormes and Piracy.
But wee moſt happy, who can feare no force
But winged troopes or *Pegaſean* horſe.
Tis not ſo hard for greedy foes to ſpoil
Another nation as to touch our ſoil.
Should natures ſelfe invade the world againe,
And ore the Center ſpread the liquid Maine,
Thy power were ſafe, and her diſtractive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command.
Thy dreadfull fleete would ſtile thee Lord of all,
And ride in triumph ore the drowned ball.

Thoſe

Thoſe towers of oake ore fertile plaines might goe,
And viſit mountaines where they once did grow.
The worlds reſtorer once could not endure
That finiſht *Babel* ſhould thoſe men ſecure,
Whoſe pride deſign'd that fabrick to have ſtood
Above the reach of any ſecond flood.
To thee his choſen more indulgent hee
Dares truſt ſuch power with ſo much piety.

Vpon his Majeſties repairing of Pauls.

THat ſhipwrackt veſſell which th' Apoſtle bore,
Scarce ſuffer'd more upon *Melita's* ſhore,
Then did his Temple in the ſea of time.
(Our Nations glory, and our Nations crime)

When the first Monarch of this happy Isle,
Mov'd with the ruine of so brave a pile,
This worke of cost and piety begun,
To be accomplish'd by his glorious sonne,
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wise Sire, has to perfection brought.
He like *Amphion* makes those quarries leape
Into faire figures from a confus'd heape:
For in his art of regiment is found
A power like that of harmony in sound.
Those antique minstrills sure were *Charles*-like Kings,
Cities their Lutes, and Subjects hearts their strings,
On which, with so divine a hand they strooke,
Consent of motion from their breath they tooke:
So all our mindes with his, conspire, to grace
The gentiles great Apostle, and deface,
Those state obscuring sheds, that like a chaine,
Seem'd to confine, and fetter him againe:

Which

Which the glad Saint ſhakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his ſacred hand.
So ioyes the aged oak when wee divide
The creeping Ivy from his injur'd ſide.
Ambition rather would effect the fame
Of ſome new ſtructure to have borne her name.
Two diſtant vertues in one act we finde,
The modeſty and greatneſſe of his minde.
Which not content to bee above the rage
And iniury of all impayring age;
In its owne worth ſecure, doth higher clime,
And things halfe ſwallow'd from the jawes of time,
Reduce an earneſt of his grand deſigne,
To frame no new Church, but the old refine;
Which ſpouſe-like may with comely grace command
More then by force of argument or hand:
For doubtfull reaſon few can apprehend,
And warr brings ruine where it ſhould amend.

But beauty with a bloodless conquest findes
A welcome soveraignty in rudest mindes.
Not ought which *Sheba's* wondring Queene beheld
Among the workes of *Solomon* exceld
His Ships and building, Emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art.
While the propitious heavens this worke attend,
Long wanted showers, they forget to send:
As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance then our vitall food.

The Sun which riseth to salute the Quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty could so far extend,
The KING built all but *Charles* the western end.
So proud a Fabrick to devotion given,
At once it threatneth and obligeth Heaven.

Laomedon that had the Gods in pay,
Neptune with him that rules the sacred day,

Cou

Could no ſuch ſtructure raiſe, *Troy* wald ſo high,
Th' *Atrides* might as well have forc'd the sky.
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings,
To ſee ſuch power imploy'd in peacefull things.
They liſt not urge it to the dreadfull field:
The taske is eaſier to deſtroy, then build.

To the Queene occaſioned upon ſight of her Majeſties Picture.

VVEll fare the hand which to our humble ſight
Preſents that beauty, which the dazelinglight
Of Royall ſplendor hides from weaker eyes,
And all acceſſe (ſave by this art) denyes.

Here only we have courage to behold
This beame of glory, here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders wee conceive,
The gracious Image ſeeming to give leave,
Propitious ſtands vouchſafing to bee ſeene
And by our Muſe ſaluted.

MIGHTY QUEEN.

In whom th'extreames of power and beauty move,
The Queen of Britaine and the Queen of Love.
As the Bright Sun (to which we owe no ſight
Of equall glory to your beauties light.)
Is wiſely plac't in ſo ſublime a ſeat
T'extend his light and moderate his heat.
So happy t'is you move in ſuch a ſpheare
As your high Majeſty with awfull feare,
In humane breſts might qualiſy that fire,
Which kindled by thoſe eyes had flamed higher.

Then

Then when the ſcortched world like hazard run
By the approach of the ill guided Sun.
No other nimphs have title to mens hearts
But as their meanes larger hope imparts.
Your beauty more the fondeſt lover moves
With admiration then his private loves.
With admiration, for a pitch ſo high
(Save ſacred *Charles* his) never love durſt fly.
Heaven that perfer'd a ſcepter to your hand
Favour'd our freedome, more then your command.
Beauty had Crown'd you, and you muſt have bin
The whole worlds Miſtreſſe other then a Queen.
All had bin rivalls, and you might have ſpar'd
Or kild, and tyraniz'd, without a guard.
No power atcheiv'd either by arms or birth
Equalls loves Empire both in heaven and earth.
Such eyes as yours on *Jove* himſelfe have throwne
As bright and feirce a lightning as his owne.

Witness our *Jove* prevented by their flame
In his swift passage to th' *Hesperian* dame.
When like a Lion finding in his way
To some intended spoile, a fairer pray;
The Royall youth pursuing the report
Of beauty found it in the Gallick Court.
There publique care with private passion fought
A doubtfull Combate in his noble thought.
Should hee confesse his greatnes, and his love,
And the free faith of your great Brother prove,
With his *Achates* breaking through the cloud
Of that disguise which did their graces shrow'd,
And mixing with those gallants at the Ball
Daunce with the Ladies, and outshine them all;
Or on his iourny ore the mountaines ride?
So when the faire *Leucothoe* he spide,
To check his steeds impatient *Phœbus* earn'd,
Though all the world was in his course concern'd.

Wha

What may hereafter her meridian doe,
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosome so ?
Not so divine a flame, since deathlesse Gods
Forbore to visit the defil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortall breast did burn ;
Nor shall, till Piety and they return.

The Apology of Sleep for not approching the Lady who can doe any thing but sleepe when she pleaseth.

MY charge it is those breaches to repaire,
Which nature takes from sorrow toil and care,
Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds, but nought can add to her,

Whom heaven & her transcēdent thoughts have plac't
Above those ills which wretched mortalls taste.
Bright as the deathles gods, and happy she
From all that may infringe, delight is free;
Love at her royall feet his quiver layes,
And not his mother with more haste obeyes
Such reall pleasures, such true ioyes suspence,
What dreame can I present to recompense.
Should I with lightning fill her awfull hands,
And make the Clouds seem, all at her commands;
Or place her in *Olympus* top a guest,
Among th' immortalls, who with *Nectar* feast;
That power would seem, that entertainement short
Of the true splendor of her present Court;
Where all the ioyes, and all the glories are
Of three great Kingdomes sever'd from the care.
I that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Ascending to the seat of sense invade,

No cloud in ſo ſerene a manſion finde,
To overcaſt her ever ſhining minde,
Which holds reſemblance with thoſe ſpotles skies,
Where flowing *Nilus* want of rain ſupplyes.
That Cryſtall heaven where *Phœbus* never ſhrowds
His golden beames, nor wrapps his face in clouds.
But what's ſo hard which numbers cannot force,
So ſtoops the Moone, and rivers change their courſe.
The bold *Meonian* made mee dare to ſteep
Joves dreadfull tempies in the dew of ſleep.
And ſince the Muſes doe invoke my power,
I ſhall no more decline that ſacred bower;
Where *Gloriana* their great miſtris lyes,
But gently taming thoſe victorious eyes.
Charm all her ſenſes, till the ioyfull Sun
Without a Rivall halfe his courſe has run:
Who while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boaſt himſelfe the brighteſt thing that ſhines.

The

The Country to my Lady of Carliſle.

Madam,

OF all the ſacred Muſe inſpir'd
Orpheus alone could with the woods comply,
Their rude inhabitants his ſong admir'd,
And natures ſelfe in thoſe that could not lye.
Your beauty next our ſolitude invades
And warmes us, ſhining through the thickeſt ſhades.

Nor ought the tribute which the wondring Court
Payes your faire eyes, prevaile with you to ſcorne
The anſwer and conſent to the report
Which Echo-like the Country doth returne.
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our ſprings
Preſent th' impartiall images of things.

A rurall Judge diſpos'd of beauties prize;
A ſimple ſhepherd was prefer'd to *Jove*:
Downe to the Mountaines from the partiall skyes
Came *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
To pleade for that which was ſo iuſtly given
To the bright *Carliſle* of the Court of heaven.

Carliſle, a name which all our woods are taught
Loud as his *Amaryllis* to reſound:
Carliſle, a name which on the barke is wrought
Of every tree that's worthy of the wound.
From *Phœbus* rage our ſhadowes and our ſtreames
May guard us better, then from *Carliſles* beames.

The

The Counteſſe of Carliſle in mourning.

WHen from black clouds no part of ſky is clear,
But juſt ſo much as letts the Sun apear:
Heaven then would ſeeme thy image, and reflect
Thoſe ſable veſtments, and that bright aſpect:
A ſparke of vertue by the deepeſt ſhade
Of ſad adverſity is fairer made.
Nor leſſe advantage doth thy beauty get,
A *Venus* riſing from a ſea of jet.
Such was th' appearance of new formed light
While yet it ſtrugled with eternall night.
Then mourn no more leſt thou admit increaſe
Of glory by thy noble Lords deceaſe.
We finde not that the laughter-loving dame
Mourn'd for *Anchiſes*, t'was enough ſhe came,

To

To grace the mortall with her deathles bed,
And that his living eyes ſuch beauty fed.
Had ſhee bin there, untimely joy through all
Mens hearts diſus'd, had marr'd the funerall.
Thoſe eyes were made to baniſh greife; as well
Bright *Phœbus* might affect in ſhades to dwell,
As they to put on ſorrow: nothing ſtands
But power to greive, exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou muſt do ſo alone,
Greife in thy preſence can lay hold on none.
Yet ſtill perſiſt the memory to love
Of that great Mercury of our mighty *Jove*;
Who by the power of his enchaunting tongue
Swords from the hands of threatning Monarchs wrũg,
Warr he prevented, or ſoone made it ceaſe,
Inſtructing Princes in the art of peace.
Such as made *Sheb'as* curious Queen reſort
To the large-hearted *Hebrews* famous Court.

Had

Had *Homer* ſat among his wondring gheſts,
Hee might have learn'd at thoſe ſtupendious feaſts,
With greater bounty and more ſacred ſtate
The banquets of the gods to celebrate.
But ô what elocution might hee uſe,
What potent charmes that could ſo ſoone infuſe
His abſent Maſters love into the heart
Of *Henrietta*, forcing her to part
From her lov'd brother, Countrey, and the ſun,
And like *Camilla* ore the waves to run
Into his armes, while the Pariſian dames
Mourne for their raviſht glory at her flames,
No leſſe amazed then the amazed ſtars
When the bold charmer of *Theſſalia* wars
With heaven it ſelfe, and numbers does repeate
Which call deſcending *Cynthia* from her ſeate.

In Anſwer to a libell a-gainſt her, &c.

WHat fury has provok'd thy wit to dare
With *Diomed* to wound the queen of love?
Thy Miſtris envy, or thy owne deſpaire,
Not the juſt *Pallas* in thy breſt did move
So blind a rage with ſuch a different fate:
He honour won, where thou haſt purchaſt hate.

She gave aſſiſtance to his *Trojan* foe,
Thou that without a rivall thou maiſt love,
Doſt to the beauty of this Lady owe
While after her the gazing world does move.
Canſt thou not bee content to love alone?
Or is thy Miſtris not content with one?

Haſt

Hast thou not read of *Tagry Arthurs* sheild,
Which but disclos'd amaz'd the weaker eyes,
Of proudest foe, and won the doubtfull field:
So shall thy rebell wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambicks swell into a book
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heaven hee oblig'd, that plac't her in the skyes,
Rewarding *Phœbus* for inspiring so
His noble braine, likening to those eyes
His ioyfull beames. But *Phœbus* is thy fo,
And neither aydes thy fancy, nor thy sight;
So ill thou rhim'st against so faire a light.

On

On my Lady Dorothy Sidneys Picture.

SUch was *Philocleas*, ſuch *Dorus*'s flame,
The matchleſſe *Sidney* that immortall frame
Of perfect beauty on two pillars plac't
Not his high fancy, could one patterne grac't
With ſuch extreames of excellence compoſe
Wonders ſo diſtant in one face diſcloſe.
Such chearefull modeſty, ſuch humble State
Moves certaine love, but with a doubtfull fate.
As when beyond our greedy reach we ſee
Inviting fruite on too ſublime a tree.
All the rich flowers through his *Arcadia* found
Amaz'd we ſee in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy which the Artiſt took
From the faire picture of that noble book,

stood at *Calanders*, the brave friends had jar'd
And rivals made th' insuing story mar'd:
Iust nature first instructed by his thought
In his owne house thus practis'd what hee taught.
This glorious piece transcends what he could think:
So much his blood is nobler then his Ink.

To Vandike.

RAre Artisan, whose pencill moves
Not our delight alone, but Loves;
From thy shop of beauty wee
Slaves returne, that enter'd free.
The heedless lover does not know
Whose eyes they are that wound him so:
But confounded with thy art
Inquires her name that has his heart.

Another who did long refrain,
Feeles his old wounds bleed fresh again
With deare remembrance of that face
Where now he reades new hopes of grace,
Nor scorne, nor cruelty does find,
But gladly suffers a false wind
To blow the ashes of despaire
From the reviving brand of care:
Foole that forgets her stubborne looke;
This softnes, from thy finger took.
Strange that thy hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire;
Not the forme alone and grace,
But act and power of a face.
Maist thou yet thy selfe aswell
As all the world beside excell,
So youth' unfained truth rehearse
(That I may make it live in verse)

Why thou couldſt not at one aſſay
That face to after times convey,
Which this admires: was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee ſit?
Confeſſe, and wee'l forgive thee this;
For who would not repeate that bliſſe,
And frequent ſight of ſuch a Dame
Buy with the hazard of his fame.
Yet who can tax thy blameleſſe skill,
Though thy good hand had failed ſtill;
When Nature's ſelfe ſo often erers?
Shee for this many thouſand yeares
Seemes to have practis'd with much care
To frame the race of women faire,
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before to grace the earth:
VVhich waxed old, ere it could ſee
Her that amaz'd thy art and thee.

But

But now 'tis done, ô let mee know
VVhere those immortall colours grow,
That could this deathlesse piece compose
In Lillies, or the fading rose.
No, for this theft thou hast clim'd higher
Then did *Prometheus* for his fire.

At Pens-hurst.

VVHile in this Parke I sing, the listning Deere
Attend my passion, and forget to feare.
VVhen to the Beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads as if they felt the same.
To Gods appealing when I reach their bowes
VVith loud complaints, they answer mee in showes.
To thee a wild and cruell soule is given,
More deafe then trees, and prouder then the heaven.

Loves foe profest, why dost thou fasly faine
Thy selfe a *Sidney*, from which noble straine
Hee sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warme our Nation with his flame,
That all we can of Love or high desire
Seemes but the smoake of amorous *Sidneys* fire?
Nor call her Mother, who so well does prove
One brest may hold both Chastity and Love.
Never can shee that so exceeds the spring
In ioy and bounty, be suppos'd to bring
One so destructive: to no humane stock
VVe owe this fierce unkindnes, but the rock:
That cloven rocke produc'd thee, by whose side
Nature to recompence the fatall pride
Of such sterne beauty, plac'd those healing springs,
VVhich not more helpe, then that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder then that ragged stone
I might like *Orpheus* with my num'rous moane

Melt

Melt to compaſſion, now my trait'rous ſong
VVith thee conſpires to doe the ſinger wrong,
VVhile thus I ſuffer not my ſelfe to loſe
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my owne breath ſtill foment the fire
VVhich flames as high as phanſy can aſpire.

This laſt complaint th' indulgent eares does pierce
Of juſt *Apollo* preſident of verſe,
Highly concerned that the Muſe ſhould bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to ſing.
Thus he advis'd me, On yon aged tree
Hang up thy Lute, and hie thee to the Sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted minde
Some truce at leaſt may with affection finde.

Ah cruell Nymph, from whom her humble ſwaine
Flyes for reliefe unto the raging maine!
And from the winds and tempeſts doth expect
A milder fate then from her cold neglect!

Yet there hee'l pray that the unkind may prove
Bleſt in her choyce, and vows this endleſſe love
Springs from no hope of what ſhee can confer,
But from thoſe gifts which heaven has heap'd on her.

At Pens-hurſt.

HAd *Dorothea* liv'd when Mortals made
Choice of their Deities, this ſacred ſhade
Had held an altar to the power that gave
The peace and glory which theſe Allyes have;
Embrodered ſo with flowers where ſhe ſtood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Their preſence has ſuch more then humane grace
That it can civilize the rudeſt place:
And beauty too and order can impart,
Where nature ne're intended it, nor art.

The plants acknowledge this, and her admire
No leſſe then thoſe of old did *Orpheus* Lyre.
If ſhee ſit downe, with tops all towards her bow'd
They round about her into Arbours crow'd.
Or if ſhee walk, in even rankes they ſtand
Like ſome well marſhall'd and obſequious band.
Amphion ſo made ſtones and timber leape
Into faire figures from a confus'd heape.
And in the ſymmetry of her parts is found
A power like that of harmony in ſound.
Yee lofty Beeches tell this matchleſs dame
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundreth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.
Goe boy and carve this paſſion on the barke
Of yonder tree, which ſtands the ſacred marke
Of noble *Sidneys* birth, when ſuch benigne,
Such more then mortall-making ſtars did ſhine,

That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love:
His humble love, whose hope shall ne're rise higher,
Then for a pardon that hee dares admire.

To my Lord of Leicester.

NOt that thy trees at Penhurst groane
Oppressed with their timely load,
And seem to make their silent moane,
That their great Lord is now abroad,
That to delight his tast or eye
Would spend themselves in fruite and dye.

Not that thy harmless Deer repine,
And thinke themselves unjustly slaine
By any other hand then thine,
Whose arrows they would gladly staine.

No nor thy friends which hold too deare
That peace with France which keeps thee there.

All these are lesse then that great cause,
Which now exacts your presence here,
Wherein there meete the diverse lawes
Of publique and domestique care:
For one bright Nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choyce depends.

Not the bright shield of *Thetis* son,
For which such sterne debate did rise,
That the great *Aiax Telamon*
Refus'd to live without the prize;
Those *Achive* Peeres did more ingage,
Then shee the Gallants of our age.

That beame of beauty which begun
To warme us so, when thou wert here,

Now

Now ſcorches like the raging Sun
When *Sirius* does firſt appeare.
O fix this flame, and let deſpaire
Redeeme the reſt from endleſs care.

To my young Lady
Lucy Sidney.

WHy came I ſo untimely forth
Into a world which wanting thee
Could entertaine us with no worth
Or ſhadow of felicity?
That times ſhould mee ſo far remove
From that which I was borne to love?

Yet faireſt bloſſome do not ſlight
That age which you muſt know ſo ſoone,

The

The rosy morne resignes her light
And milder glory to the Noon;
And then what wonders shall you doe
Whose dawning beauty warmes us so?

Hope waits upon the flowry prime;
And summer though it be lesse gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of declination or decay:
For with a full hand that doth bring
All that was promis'd by the spring.

Of the Lady who can sleep when she pleases.

NO wonder sleep from carefull Lovers flyes
To bath himselfe in *Sacharissa's* eyes;
As faire *Astræa* once from earth to heaven
By strife and loud impiety was driven;

So with our plaints offended, and our teares,
Wise *Somnus* to that Paradise repaires,
Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake
To court the Nymph for whom those wretches wake.
More proud then *Phœbus* of his throne of gold
Is the soft God, those softer limbs to hold,
Nor would exchange with *Jove* to hide the skyes
In darkning clouds the power to close her eyes:
Eyes, which so farre all other lights controul:
They warme our mortall parts, but these our soul.
Let her free spirit, whose unconquer'd breast
Holds such deep quiet, and untroubled rest,
Know, that though *Venus* and her Son should spare
Her rebell heart, and never teach her care;
Yet *Hymen* may inforce her Vigils keepe,
And for anothers joy suspend her sleepe.

O

Of the misreport of her being painted.

AS when a sort of Wolves infest the night
With their wilde howlings at fair *Cynthia's* light,
The noise may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,
But never reach the Mistris of the skyes:
So with the news of *Sacharissa's* wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues,
Call love to witness that no painted fire
Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire;
While unconcerned she seems mov'd no more
With this new malice, then our loves before:
But from the height of her great minde looks down
On both our passions without smile or frown;
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright Dame, whom heav'n affecteth so,

Paints

Paints her 'tis true, with the ſame hand which ſpreads
Like glorious colours through the flowry meads,
When laviſh Nature with her beſt attire
Cloaths the gay Spring, the ſeaſon of deſire.
Paints her 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn
With the ſame art wherewith ſhe paints the morn,
With the ſame art, wherewith ſhe guildeth ſo
Thoſe painted clouds which forme *Thaumantia*'s bow.

Of her paſsing through a crowd of people.

AS in old Chaos, heav'n with earth confus'd,
And ſtars with rocks together cruſh'd & bruis'd,
The Sun his light no farther could extend
Then the next hill which on his ſhoulders lean'd;
So in this throng bright *Sachariſſa* far'd,
Oppreſs'd by thoſe who ſtrove to be her guard.

As

As ſhips, though never ſo obſequious, fall
Foul in a tempeſt on their Admirall;
A greater favour this diſorder brought
Unto her ſervants, then their awfull thought
Durſt entertain, when thus compell'd they preſt
The yeelding Marble of her ſnowy breſt,
While Love inſults diſguiſed in the cloud,
And welcome force of the unruly croud:
So th'amorous tree, while yet the ayre is calm,
Juſt diſtance keeps from his deſired Palm;
But when the wind her raviſht branches throws
Into his armes, and mingles all their boughs,
Though loth he ſeems her tender leaves to preſſe,
More loth he is the friendly ſtorme ſhould ceaſe,
From whoſe rude bounty he the double uſe
At once receives, of pleaſure and excuſe.

Song.

SAy lovely dreame, where couldst thou finde
Shales to counterfeit that face;
Colours of this glorious kinde
Come not from any mortall place.

In heaven it self thou sure wert dreſt
With that Angel-like diſguiſe:
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kinde
To be other then a dreame,
Cruell Sacharissa's *minde*
Never put on that ſweet extreame.

Faire dream, if thou intendst me grace,
Change this heavenly forme of thine,
Paint despis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appeare like mine,

Pale, wan, and meager, let it looke
With a pity-moving shape;
Such as wander by the brooke
Of Lethe, *or from graves escape.*

Then to that matchlesse Nymph appeare,
In whose shape thou shinest so;
Softly in her sleeping eare,
With humble words expresse my woe.

Perhaps from greatnesse, state and pride,
Thus surprised she may fall;
Sleep does disproportion hide,
And death resembling equals all.

Song.

BEhold the brand of beauty toſt,
See how the motion does dilate the flame,
Delighted Love his ſpoiles does boaſt,
And triumph in this game:
Fire to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder, and our feare,
Moving the minde
Like lightning hurled through the ayre.

High heaven the glory does increaſe
Of all her ſhining Lamps this artfull way;
The Sun in figures ſuch as theſe
Joyes with the Moon to play;
To theſe ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which do reſult from their own ſphears,
As this Nymphs dance
Moves with the numbers which ſhe hears.

TO AMORET.

FAire, that you may truly know
What you unto *Thirsis* ow,
I will tell you how I doe
Sacharissa love and you.

Joy salutes me when I set
My blest eyes on *Amoret*,
But with wonder I am strook,
When I on the other look.

If sweet *Amoret* complains,
I have sense of all her pains;
But for *Sacharissa*, I
Doe not only grieve, but die.

All that of my ſelfe is mine,
Lovely *Amoret*, is thine;
Sachariſſa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,
And thoſe ſcorching beams to ſhun,
To thy gentle ſhadow run;
If the ſoul had free election
To diſpoſe of her affection,
I ſhould not thus long have born
Haughty *Sachariſſa*'s ſcorn,
But 'tis ſure ſome power above,
Which controuls our will in love,
If not Love, a ſtrong deſire
To create, and ſpread that fire
In my breaſt ſolicits mee,
Beauteous *Amoret*, for thee.
'Tis amazement more then love,
Which her radiant eyes doe move;

If leſs ſplendour wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine,
I would turn my dazled ſight,
To behold their milder light;
But as hard 'tis to deſtroy
That high flame as to enjoy,
Which how eaſily I may doe,
Heaven (as eaſily ſcal'd) does know.

Amoret as ſweet and good,
As the moſt delicious food;
Which but taſted does impart
Life and gladneſs to the heart;
Sachariſſa's beautie's wine,
Which to madneſs doth incline;
Such a liquor as no braine,
That is mortall, can ſuſtaine.
Scarſe can I to heaven excuſe
That devotion which I uſe

Unto that adored Dame,
For 'tis not unlike the ſame,
Which I thither ought to ſend,
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to heaven it ſelfe be due,
To ſucceed her, and not you,
Who already have of mee
All that's not Idolatry;
Which though not ſo fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the ſame:
Then ſmile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is ſhorter liv'd then Love.

The

The ſtory of *Phœbus* and *Daphne* applyed, &c.

THirſis a youth of the inſpired train,
Faire *Sachariſſa* lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
Like *Phœbus* ſung, the no leſs amorous boy;
Like *Daphne*, ſhe as lovely and as coy;
With numbers, he the flying Nymph purſues,
With numbers, ſuch as *Phœbus* ſelfe might uſe;
Such is the chaſe, when love and fancy leads
Ore craggy mountains, and through flowry meads,
Invok'd to teſtifie the lovers care,
Or forme ſome image of his cruell Faire:

Urg'd

Vrg'd with his fury like a wounded Deer
O're these hee fled, and now approching neer,
Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charmes could not incline to stay.
Yet what hee sung in his immortall straine,
Though unsuccesfull, was not sung in vaine,
All but the Nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.

Like *Phœbus* thus acquiring unsought praise,
I lee catch'd at love, and fill'd his arme with bayes.

Of Mris. Arden.

BEhold and listen, while the fame
Breakes in sweete sounds the willing aire,
And with her owne breath fans the fire,
Which her bright eyes doe first inspire.
What reason can that love controule
Which more then one way courts the soule?

So when a flash of lightning falls
On our aboads, the danger calls
For humane ayd, which hopes the flame
To conquer, though from heaven it came.
But if the winde with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

On

On the discovery of a Ladies Painting.

PYgmalions fate reverst is mine:
His marble love tooke flesh and blood;
All that I worshipt is divine,
That beauty now 'tis understood
Appeares to have no more of life,
Then that whereof hee fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend
Some suddaine cause of causeless feare,
Although that seeming cause take end,
And they behold no danger neare,
A shaking through their limbs they finde,
Like leaves saluted by the wind:

So

So though the beauty doe appeare
No beauty which amaz'd mee so,
Yet from my breast I cannot teare
The passion which from hence did grow;
Nor yet out of my phansy rase
The print of that supposed face.

A reall beauty (though too neare)
The fond *Narcissus* did admire:
I dote on that which is no where,
The signe of beauty feedes my fire.
No mortall flame was ere so cruell
As this which thus survives the fuell.

To

To a Lady from whom he receiv'd a silver pen.

Madam,

INtending to have try'd
The silver favour which you gave,
In inke the ſhining point I dy'd,
And drencht it in the ſable wave:
When griev'd to be ſo foully ſtain'd
On you it thus to mee complain'd:

Suppoſe you had deſerv'd to take
From her faire hand ſo faire a boon;
Yet how deſerved I to make
So ill a change, who ever won
Immortall praiſe for what I wrought
Inſtructed by her noble thought?

I that expressed her commands

To mighty Lords and Princely Dames,
Alwaies most welcome to their hands,

Proud that I would record their names,
Must now be taught an humble stile
Some meaner beauty to beguile.

So I the wronged Pen to please,

Make it my humble thanks express
Vnto your Ladiship in these,

And now 'tis forced to confess,
That your great selfe did nere indite,
Nor that to one more noble write.

On

On a brede of divers colours woven by foure Ladies.

TWice twenty ſlender virgin fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies ſhine:
As nature them, ſo they this ſhade have wrought,
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought:
Not *Juno's* bird, when his faire traine dispred
Hee woes the female to his painted bed;
No not the Bow which ſo adornes the skyes,
So glorious is, or boaſts ſo many dyes.

On

On the head of a Stag.

SO wee ſome antique Hero's ſtrength
Learn by his Launces weight and length,
As theſe vaſt beams expreſs the beaſt,
Whoſe ſhady brows alive they dreſt.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty *Nimrod* did purſue.
What huntſman of our feeble race,
Or dogs dare ſuch a monſter chaſe,
Reſembling with each blow hee ſtrikes,
The charge of a whole troope of Pikes?
O fertile head, which every yeare
Could ſuch a crop of wonder beare!
The teeming Earth did never bring
So ſoone, ſo hard, ſo huge a thing;

Which might it never have been caſt;
Each years growth added to the laſt,
Thoſe loſty branches had ſuppli'd
The Earths bold ſons prodigious pride;
Heaven with theſe engines had bin ſcal'd,
When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd.

To a Lady in retirement.

SEes not, my Love, how time reſumes
The glory which he lent theſe flowres?
Though none ſhould taſt theſe ſweet perfumes,
Yet muſt they live but ſome few houres;
Time, what we forbeare, devours.

Had *Helen*, or th'Ægyptian Queen,
Been here so thrifty of their graces,
Those beauties must at length have been
The spoil of age, which findes out faces
In the most retired places.

Should some malignant Planet bring
A barren drought, or ceasless showre
Upon the Autumne, or the Spring,
And spare us neither fruit nor flowre,
Winter would not stay an houre.

Could the resolve of loves neglect
Preserve thee from the violation
Of comming years, then more respect
Were due to so divine a fashion,
Nor would I indulge my passion.

The Misers speech in a Mask.

BAlls of this metall slack'd *Atlanta's* pace,
And on the amorous youth bestow'd the race:
Venus the Nymphs mind measuring by her own,
Whom the rich spoils of Cities overthrown
Had prostrated to *Mars*, could well advise
Th' adventurous Lover how to gain the prize.
Nor less may *Jupiter* to gold ascribe;
For when hee turn'd himself into a bribe,
Who can blame *Danae*, or the brasen towre,
That they withstood not the almighty showre?
Never till then did love make *Jove* put on
A forme more bright and noble then his owne;
Nor were it just, would hee resume that shape,
That slack devotion should his thunder scape:

'Twas

'Twas not revenge for griev'd *Apollo's* wrong,
Those Asses eares on *Mida's* temples hung;
But fond repentance of his happy wish,
Because his meate grew metall like his dish;
Would *Bacchus* blesse me so, I'd constant hold
Vnto my wish, and dye creating gold.

To my Lord of *Northumberland* upon the death of his Lady.

TO this great losse a sea of teares is due,
But the whole debt not to bee paid by you;
Charge not your selfe with all, nor render vain
Those showres the eyes of us your servants rain.
Shall griefe contract the largeness of that heart,
In which nor feare nor anger has a part?

Vertue would blush, if Time should boast (which dry's,
Her sole child dead, the tender Mothers eys)
Your minds reliefe, where reason triumphs so
Over all passions, that they nere could grow
Beyond their limits in your noble breft,
To harme another, or impeach your reft.
This wee observ'd delighting to obey
One who did never from his great selfe stray,
Whose milde example seemed to ingage
Th' obsequious seas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave *Emylius* his charge laid down,
(The force of *Rome*, and fate of *Macedon*)
In his lost sons did feele the cruell stroke
Of changing fortune; and thus highly spoke:
Before *Romes* people wee did ofr implore,
That if the heavens had any ill in store
For your *Emylius*, they would pawne that ill
On his owne houses and let you flourish still:

You

You on the barren Seas my Lord have ſpent
Whole ſprings, and ſummers to the publique lent,
Suſpended all the pleaſures of your life,
And ſhortned the ſhort ioy of ſuch a wife:
For which your country's more obliged, then
For many lives of old les happy men.
You that have ſacrific'd ſo great a part
Of youth and private bliſs, ought to impart
Your ſorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction, as delight.
Then with *Emylian* courage beare this croſs,
Since publique perſons only publique loſs
Ought to affect. And though her form and youth,
Her application to your will and truth,
That noble ſweetnes and that humble ſtate,
All ſnatcht away by ſuch a haſty fate,
Might give excuſe to any common breſt
With the huge weight of ſo iuſt griefe oppreſt;

Yet let no portion of your life be ſtain'd
With paſſion, but your character maintain'd
To the laſt act; it is enough her ſtone
May honour'd bee with ſuperſcription
Of the ſole Lady who had power to move
The great *Northumberland* to grieve and love.

To my Lord *Admirall*, of his late ſicknes and recovery.

VVIth joy like ours the *Thracian* youth invades
Orpheus returning from th' *Elyſian* ſhades,
Embrace the Hero, and his ſtay implore,
Make it their publique ſuite hee wou'd no more
Deſert them ſo, and for his ſpouſes ſake
His vaniſht Love tempt the *Lethean* lake:

The

The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to clime,
Their doubtfull hopes with expectation feed,
Who ſhall the faire *Eurydice* ſucceed:
Eurydice, for whom his num'rous moan
Makes liſtning trees, and ſalvage mountains groan,
Through all the ayre his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow like that, which toucht our hearts of late,
Your pining ſickneſſe, and your reſtleſs pain
At once the Land affecting, and the Main;
When the glad news that you were Admirall
Scarce through the Nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great *Charles*, whoſe wiſdome ſhines in you,
Would bee perplexed how to chooſe a new:
So more then private was the joy and grief,
That at the worſt it gave our ſouls relief,
That in our age ſuch ſenſe of vertue liv'd,
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd.

Nature

Nature, her faireſt lights eclipſed, ſeemes
Her ſelfe to ſuffer in thoſe ſharpe extremes,
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from thoſe cheeks which all the world admires:
The ſtem thus threatned and the ſap in thee
Droop all the branches of that noble tree;
Their beauty they, and wee our loves ſuſpend,
Nought can our wiſhes ſave thy health intend.

As Lillies overcharg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heav'n contend,
Fold thee within their ſnowy armes, and cry,
Hee is too faultleſs, and too young to dye;
So like Immortalis round about thee, they
Sit, that they feight approching death away:
Who would not languiſh by ſo faire a train,
To bee lamented, and reſtor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what haſty ſoul would go,
Though to the bleſt? O're young *Adonis* ſo

Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the pretious ſhowre
Of her warme teares cheriſh'd the ſpringing flowre.
Th: next ſupport faire hope of your great name,
And ſecond pillar of that noble frame,
By loſs of thee would no advantage have,
But ſtep by ſtep purſues thee to the grave.
And now relentleſs Fate about to end
The line, which backward does ſo farre extend
That Antique ſtock, which ſtill the world ſupplyes
With braveſt ſpirits, and with brighteſt eyes;
Kind *Phœbus* interpoſing bid mee ſay,
Such ſtormes no more ſhall ſhake that houſe, but they
Like *Neptune* and his Sea-borne Neece ſhall bee
The ſhining glories of the land and Sea,
With courage guard, and beauty warm our Age,
And lovers fill with like Poetique rage.

On

On the friendſhip betwixt *Sacharisſa* and *Amoret*.

TEll me, lovely loving Paire,
Why ſo kind, and ſo ſevere?
Why ſo careleſs of our care,
Only to your ſelves ſo deare?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of Love controul,
While the Boyes deluded darts
Can arrive at neithers ſoul.

For in vain to either breſt
Still beguiled Love does come,
Where he finds a forain gueſt,
Neither of your hearts at home;

Debters

Debters thus with like designe,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver Doves that fly,
Yoakt in *Cytharea*'s Carre;
Not the wings that lift so high,
And convey her son so farre,

Are so lovely sweet and fair,
Or doe more ennoble Love,
Are so choicely matcht a pair,
Or with more consent doe move.

A la Malade.

AH lovely *Amoret*, the Care
Of all that know what's good or fair,
Is Heaven become our Rivall too?
Had the rich Gifts confer'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving Lovers, to pretend?
Hence to this pining Sickness (meant
To weary thee to a consent
Of leaving us) no power is given
Thy Beauties to impaire, for Heaven
Solicites thee with such a care:
As Roses from their stalkes we tare,
When wee would still preserve them new
And fresh, as on the bush they grew.

With ſuch a grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain,
That languiſhing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper then before.:
The lightnings which in ſtormes appear,
Scorch more then when the skies are clear.
And as pale ſickneſs does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that faire Lodging ſtill more clear
Make the bright Gueſt your Soule appear:
So Nymphs o'r pathleſs Mountains born,
Their light robes by the Brambles torn
From their faire limbs, expoſing new
And unknown Beauties to the view
Of following Gods, increaſe their flame,
And haſt to catch the flying Game.

Of

Of her Chamber.

THey taſt of Death that doe at Heaven arrive,
But we this Paradiſe approch alive:
In ſtead of Death, the dart of Love does ſtrike,
And renders all within theſe walls alike:
The high in titles, and the Shepheard here,
Forgets his greatneſs, and forgets his fear:
All ſtand amaz'd, and gazing on the Faire
Looſe thought of what themſelves or others are,
Ambition looſe, and have no other ſcope
Save *Carliſles* favour to imploy their hope.
The Thracian could (though all thoſe tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders doe;
Before his feet ſo Sheep and Lyons lay
Fearleſs and wrathleſs, while they heard him play;

The

The Gay, the Wiſe, the Gallant, and the Grave,
Subdu'd alike all but one paſſion have.
No worthy mind but finds in hers there is
Something proportioned to the rule of his;
While ſhe with cheerfull, but impartiall grace,
(Borne for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like *Phœbus* ſo divides her light,
And warmes us that ſhe ſtoops not from her height.

Of loving at firſt ſight.

NOt caring to obſerve the wind,
Or the new Sea explore,
Snatcht from my ſelf, how farre behind
Already I behold the ſhore?

May not a thouſand dangers ſleep
In the ſmooth Boſome of this deep?
No, 'tis ſo rockleſs, and ſo clear,
That the rich Bottome does appear
Pav'd all with pretious things, not torn
From ſhipwrackt Veſſells, but there born.

Sweetnes, truth, and every grace
Which Time and Uſe are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read diſtinctly in her face.

Some other Nymph with colours faint
And pencill ſlow may *Cupid* paint,
And a weake heart in time deſtroy;
She has a ſtamp and prints the Boy,
Can with a ſingle looke inflame
The coldeſt breſt, the rudeſt tame.

The ſelfe baniſh'd.

IT is not that I love you leſs,
Then when before your feet I lay,
But to prevent the ſad increaſe
Of hopeleſs love, I keep away.

In vaine (alas!) for every thing
Which I have knowne belong to you,
Your forme does to my fancy bring,
And make my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the Spring from the new Sun
Already has a Fever got,
Too late begins thoſe ſhafts to ſhun
Which *Phœbus* through his veines has ſhot.

Too late hee would the paine asswage,
And to thick shadowes does retire;
About with him hee beares the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I breake, you may mistrust
The vow I made to love you too.

Of, and to the Queen.

THe Larke that shun's on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lyes silent in the field;
But if the promise of a cloudless day
(*Aurora* smiling) bids her rise and play,
Then straight shee showes 'twas not for want of voyce
Or power to climbe shee made so low a choyce;

Singing

Singing ſhee mounts, her ayerie wings are ſtretcht
Towards heav'n, as if from heav'n her note ſhee fetcht.
So wee retiring from the buſie throng,
Vſe to reſtraine th' ambition of our ſong;
But ſince the light which now informs our Age
Breaks from the Court indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muſe, like bold *Prometheus*, flyes
To light her torch at *Gloriana's* eyes,
Thoſe ſoveraign beams, which heal the wounded ſoule,
And all our cares, but once beheld, controule:
There the poore lover that has long indur'd
Some proud Nymphs ſcorne, of his fond paſſion cur'd,
Fares like the man who firſt upon the ground
A gloworme ſpide, ſuppoſing hee had found
A moving diamond, a breathing ſtone,
(For life it had, and like thoſe Jewels ſhone)
Hee held it deare, till by the ſpringing day
Inform'd, hee threw the worthleſs worme away.

She saves the Lover, as wee Gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lopt limbe, away:
This makes her bleeding Patients to accuse
High heav'n, and these expostulations use;
Could nature then no private woman grace
(Whom wee might dare to love) with such a face,
Such a complexion, and so radiant eys,
Such lovely motion, and sich sharp reply's?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
What envious power has plac'd this glorious light?

Thus in a starry night fond Children cry
For the rich spangles that adorne the sky;
Which though they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd,
Her bounty and compassion to mankind;
To whom while shee so far extends her Grace,
Shee makes but good the promise of her face:

For Mercy has (could Mercy's selfe be seen)
No sweeter looke, then this propitious Queen;
Such guard and comfort the distressed find
From her large power, and from her larger mind;
That whom ill Fate would ruine, it prefers,
For all the miserable are made hers.

So the faire Tree whereon the Eagle builds,
Poore sheepe from tempest and their shepherd shields,
The Royall bird possesses all the boughs,
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.

Joy of our Age, and safety of the next,
For which so oft thy fertile wombe is vext,

Nobly contented for the publique good
To wast thy spirits, and diffuse thy blood,
What vast hopes may these Ilands entertaine
Where Monarchs thus descended are to raigne?
Led by Commanders of so faire a line
Our seas no longer shall our pow'r confine.

A brave Romance who would exactly frame,
First brings his Knight from some immortall Dame,
And then a weapon and a flaming shield
Bright as his mothers eys hee makes him wield :
None might the mother of *Achilles* bee
But the faire Pearle and Glory of the Sea :
The man to whom great *Maro* gives such fame,
From the high bed of heavenly *Venus* came ;
And our next *Charles* (whom all the stars designe
Like wonders to accomplish) springs from thine.

Song

Song.

Goe lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastſt her time and mee,
That now ſhee knowes,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fayr ſhee ſeems to bee.

Tell her that's young,
And ſhun's to have her graces ſpide,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In deſerts where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her ſelfe to bee deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then

Then dye, that ſhee
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and faire.

Thirſis. Galatea.

AS lately I on ſilver Thames did ride,
Sad *Galatea* on the bank I ſpide;
Such was her look, as ſorrow taughe to ſhine,
And thus ſhe grac'd me with a voice divine:

Gal. You that can tune your ſounding ſtrings ſo well
Of Ladies beauties, and of Love to tell,
Once change your note, and let your Lute report
The juſteſt grief that ever touch'd the Court.

Th. Faire

Th. Faire Nymph, I have in your delights no ſhare,
Nor ought to be concerned in your care;
Yet would I ſing, if I your ſorrows knew,
And to my ayd invoke no Muſe but you.

Gal. Heare then, and let your ſong augment our grief,
Which is ſo great as not to wiſh relief;
Shee that had all which Nature gives or Chance,
Whom Fortune joyn'd with Vertue to advance
To all the joyes this Iſland could afford,
The greateſt Miſtris, and the kindeſt Lord;
Who with the royall mixt her noble blood,
And in high grace with *Gloriana* ſtood,
Her bounty, ſweetneſs, beauty, goodneſs ſuch,
That none ere thought her happineſs too much,
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all as heaven had been to her.

The

The virgins part, the mother and the wife
So well she acted in this span of life,
That though few years (too few, alas!) she told
Shee seem'd in all things, but in beauty, old.
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalk does cleave
Close to the tree, which grieves no lesse to leave
The smiling pendant which adorns her so,
And untill Autumne on the bough should grow:
So seem'd her youthfull Soul not eas'ly sorc'd,
Or from so fair, so sweet a seat divorc'd;
Her Fate at once did hasty seem and slow,
At once too cruell and unwilling too.

Th. Under how hard a law are Mortalls born!
Whom now we envie, we anon must mourn:
What heaven sets highest, and seems most to prize,
Is soon removed from our wondring eyes.

But

But ſince the Siſters did ſo ſoon untwine
So faire a thread, I'll ſtrive to peece the line:
Vouchſafe (ſad Nymph) to let me know the Dame,
And to the Muſes I'll commend her name:
Make the wide Countrey echo to your moan,
The lift'ning trees and ſalvage mountains groan;
What rocks not moved, when the death is ſung
Of one ſo good, ſo lovely, and ſo young?

Gal. 'T was *Hamilton*, whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, griefe let's me ſay no more.

Fabula

Fabula Phœbi & Daphnes.

ARcadia juvenis Thirsis, Phœbique sacerdos,
Ingenti frustra Galateæ ardebat amore:
Haud deus ipse olim Daphne majora caughat,
Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa.
Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per saxa volans, per floridas vates
Pascua, formosam nunc his componere Nympham,
Nunc illis erudelem insana mente solebat:
Audiit illa procul miserum, citharamq; sonantem
Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querelis.
Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta
Sidera perculsi referunt nova carmina montes:
Sic non quæsitis cumulatus laudibus olim
Elapsa, reperit Daphne sua laurea Phœbus.

The

The Battell of the Summer Islands.

Canto I.

What fruit they have, and how heaven smiles
Upon those late discovered Isles.

AYde me, *Bellona*, while the dreadfull fight
Betwixt a Nation and two Whales I write;
Seas stain'd with goare I sing, adventr'rous toile,
And how these Monsters did disarme an Isle.
Bermudas wall'd with rocks who does not know,
That happy Island where huge Lemmons grow,
And Orange trees, which golden fruit doe beare?
Th'*Hesperian* garden boasts of none so faire.
There shining Pearl, Corall, and many a pound
On the rich shore of Amber-greece is found;
The lofty Cedar, which to heaven aspires,
The Prince of trees, is fuell for their fires;

The ſmoak by which their loaded ſpits doe turn,
For incenſe might on ſacred Altars burn;
Their private roofs on odorous timber born,
Such as might Palaces for Kings adorn:
The ſweet *Palmetta's* a new *Bacchus* yield
With leaves as ample as the broadeſt ſhield;
Under the ſhadow of whoſe friendly boughs
They ſit carouſing where their liquor grows:
Figs there unplanted through the fields doe grow,
Such as fierce *Cato* did the Romans ſhow,
With the rare fruit inviting them to ſpoil
Carthage, the Miſtris of ſo rich a ſpoil:
The naked rocks are not unfruitfull there,
But at ſome conſtant ſeaſons every yeare
Their barren tops with luſcious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowles are crown'd:
Tobacco is their worſt of things which they
To Engliſh landlords as their tribute pay:

Such

Such is the mould, that the bleſt tenant feeds
On pretious fruits, and payes his rent in weeds:
With candid Plantines, and the ivy Pine,
On choiſeſt Melons and ſweete grapes they dine,
And with Potatoes fat their wanton ſwine.
Nature theſe Cates with ſuch a laviſh hand
Powres out among them, that our courſer land
Taſts of that bounty, and does cloth returne,
Which not for warmth, but ornament is worne:
For the kind ſpring, which but ſalutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the yeare:
Ripe fruits and bloſſomes on the ſame trees live,
At once they promiſe what at once they give.
So ſweete the ayre, ſo moderate the clime,
None ſickly lives or dyes before his time.
Heaven, ſure, has kept this ſpot of earth uncurſt,
To ſhew how all things were created firſt.

The tardy plants in our could orchards plac't
Reſerve their fruits for the next ages taſt;
There a ſmall grain in ſome few months will bee
A firme, a lofty, and a ſpacious tree.
The *Palma-Chriſti* and the faire Papah,
Now but a ſeed, (preventing natures law)
In halfe the circle of the haſty year
Project a ſhade, and lovely fruit doe wear.
And as their trees in our dull region ſet
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
So in this Northern tract our hoarſer throates
Utter unripe and ill conſtrained notes,
Where the ſupporter of the Poets ſtile,
Phœbus, on them eternally does ſmile.
O how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
Vnder a Plantanes ſhade, and all the day
With amorous ayres my fancy entertaine,
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my vaine!

No paſſion there in my free breſt ſhould move,
None, but the ſweete and beſt of paſſions, Love:
There while I ſing, if gentle love bee by,
That tunes my Lute, and winds the ſtrings ſo high
With the ſweete ſound of *Sacharisa's* name,
I'le make the liſtning ſalvages grow tame.
But while I doe theſe pleaſing dreames indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their affright, and how their foes
Diſcovered were, this Canto ſhowes.

THough rocks ſo high about this Iſland riſe,
That well they may the num'rous Turke deſpiſe;
Yet is no humane fate exempt from fear, (hear
Which ſhakes their hearts, while through the Iſle they

A lasting noyse, as horrid, and as lowd
As thunder makes before it breaks the clowd:
Three dayes they dread this murmure, ere they know
From what blind cause th' unwõted sound may grow;
At length two Monsters of unequall size,
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies,
Two mighty Whales, which swelling seas had tost,
And left them pris'ners on the rocky coast:
One as a mountaine vast, and with her came
A Cub, not much inferiour to his Dam;
Here in a poole among the rocks ingag'd
They roar'd like Lions caught in toyles, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lye murther'd on the shore,
By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
The fate of ships, and ship-wrackt men to tast.
As careless Dames, whom wine and sleepe betray
To frantick dreames, their infants overlay;

So there ſometimes the raging *Ocean* failes,
And her owne brood expoſes, when the Whales
Againſt ſharpe rocks, like reeling veſſells quaſht,
Though huge as mountaines, are in peeces daſht:
Along the ſhore their dreadfull limbs lye ſcatter'd,
Like hills with earthquakes ſhaken, torne & ſhatter'd.
Hearts ſure of braſs they had, who tempted firſt
Rude Seas, that ſpare not what themſelves have nurſt.

The welcome newes through all the nation ſpread,
To ſuddaine ioy and hope converts their dread.
What lately was their publique terrour, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey,
Diſpoſe already of th' untaken ſpoyl;
And as the purchaſe of their future toyl,
Theſe ſhare the bones, and they divide the oyl.
So was the huntſman by the Beare oppreſt,
Whoſe hide hee ſold beſore hee caught the breaſt.

They man their boates, and all their young men arm
With whatſoever may the monſters harm,
Pikes, Holdberts, Spits, and Darts that wound ſo far,
The tooles of peace and inſtruments of war:
Now was the time for vigorous lads to ſhow
What love or honour could invite them to:
A goodly theater, where rocks are round;
With reverent age, and lovely laſſes crown'd,
Such was the lake, which held this dreadfull pare,
Within the bounds of noble *Warwicks* ſhare;
Warwicks bold Earle, then which no title beares
A greater ſound among our Britiſh Peeres;
And worthy hee the memory to renew,
The fate and honour to that title due,
Whoſe brave adventures have transfer'd his name,
And through the New-world ſpred his growing fame.
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

Canto

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, ſucceſsleſſe toile,
And how the fiſhes ſack'd the Iſle.

THe boate which on the firſt aſſault did goe,
Stroke with a harping-iron the younger foe;
Who when hee felt his ſide ſo rudely goar'd,
Loud as the Sea that nouriſh'd him, hee roar'd.
As a broad Breame, to pleaſe ſome curious taſt,
While yet alive, in boyling water caſt,
Vext with unwonted heate, bounds, flings about
The ſcorching braſs, and hurles the liquour out:
So with the barbed javeling ſtung, hee raves
And ſcourges with his tayle the ſuff'ring waves:
Like Fairy *Talus* with his iron flaile,
Hee threatens ruine with his pond'rous taile,
Diſſolving at one ſtroke the batter'd boate,
And downe the men fall drenched in the moate:

With every fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boates, and fare like men unhoist:
The bigger Whale like some huge carrack lay
Which wanteth Sea-roome with her foes to play,
Slowly shee swims, and when provok'd shee wou'd
Advance her tayle, her head salutes the mud;
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tayles impetuous swinge;
The shining steel her tender sides receave,
And there like bees they all their weapons leave.

This sees the Cub, and does himselfe oppose
Betwixt his cumbred mother and her foes,
With desp'rate courage hee receives her wounds,
And men and boates his active tayle confounds;
Their furies ioyn'd the Seas with billowes fill,
And make a tempest, though the winds bee still.

Now would the men with half their hoped pray
Bee well content, and wish'd this Cub away;

Their wiſh they have, Hee to direct his Dam
Unto the gap, through which they thither came,
Before her ſwims, and quits the hoſtile Lake;
A pris'ner there but for his Mothers ſake;
Shee by the rocks compell'd to ſtay behind,
Is by the vaſtneſs of her bulk confin'd:
They ſhout for joy, and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their Darts are thrown:
Their Launces ſpent, One bolder then the reſt
With his broad ſword provokes the ſluggiſh beaſt;
Her oylie ſide devoures both blade and heft,
And there his ſteele the bold *Bermudian* left.
Courage the reſt from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the Lake,
Blood flowes in rivers from her wounded ſide,
As if they would prevent the tardie tide,
And raiſe the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatall ſtreight;

Shee

Shee ſwims in blood, and blood does ſpouting throw
To heaven, that heaven mens cruelties might know;
Their fixed Javelins in her ſide ſhee wears,
And on her back a grove of Pikes appears:
You would have thought, had you the Monſter ſeen
Thus dreſt, ſhee had another Iſland been.
Roaring ſhe tears the ayr with ſuch a noiſe
(As well reſembled the conſpiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won)
To reach the ears of her eſcaped Son:
Hee (though a league removed from the ſo)
Haſts to her ayd: the pious *Trojan* ſo,
Neglecting for *Creuſa*'s life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men amazed bluſh to ſee the ſeed
Of Monſters, humane pietie exceed.
Well proves this kindneſs what the Grecians ſung,
That Loves bright Mother from the Ocean ſprung.

Their

Their courage droops, and hopeless now they wish
For composition with th'unconquer'd Fish;
So shee their weapons would restore again,
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the Main:
But how instructed in each others mind,
Or what commerce can men with Monsters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded so,
Whom her couragious Son protected so,
They charge their Muskets, and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire;
Standing aloose with Lead the bruise the scales,
And teare the flesh of the incensed Whales;
But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatall wound.
Now to their Forts they are about to send
For the loud Engines which their Isle defend;
But what those peeces fram'd to batter Walls,
Would have effected on those mighty Whales,

Great

Great *Neptune* will not have us know, who sende
A tide so high that it relieves his friends:
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the Monsters lost, and they their arms.

Vpon the death of my Lady *Rich*.

MAy those already curs'd *Essexian* plains,
Where hasty Death, and pining sicknes raigns,
Prove all a Desert, and none there make stay
But salvage beasts, or men as wilde as they:
There the faire light, which all out Island grac'd,
Like *Hero*'s Taper in the windows plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant ayr did find,
As that exposed to the boystrous wind.

Ah cruell heaven to snatch so soon away
Her, for whose life had we had time to pray,

VVi

With thouſand vows and tears we ſhould have ſought
That ſad decree's ſuſpenſion to have wrought!
But we (alas!) no whiſper of her pain
Heard, till 'twas ſin to wiſh her here again.
That horrid word at once like lightning ſpread,
Strook all our ears: *The Lady Rich is dead.*
Heart-rending news, and dreadfull to thoſe few
VVho her reſemble, and her ſteps purſue,
That Death ſhould licence have to rage among
The faire, the wiſe, the vertuous, and the young.
The *Paphian* Queen from that fierce battell born
VVith goared hand, and Vail ſo rudely torn,
Like terrour did among th' Immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that Goddeſſes might bleed.
All ſtand amazed, but beyond the reſt
Th'Heroique Dame, whoſe happy womb ſhe bleſt,
Mov'd with juſt grief expoſtulates with heaven,
Urging that promiſe to th'obſequious given

Of longer life; for ne'r was pious ſoul
More apt t'obey, more worthy to controul:
A skilfull eye at once might read the race
Of *Caledonian* Monarchs in her face,
And ſweet humilitie, her look and mind
At once were loſty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the ſcorn of vice, and pity too,
For thoſe that did what ſhee diſdain'd to doe;
So gentle and ſevere, that what was bad
At once her hatred and her pardon had;
Gracious to all, but where her love was due
So faſt, ſo faithfull, loyall, and ſo true,
That a bold hand as ſoon might hope to force
The rowling lights of heaven, as change her courſe.
Some happy Angell that beholds her there,
Inſtruct us to record what ſhe was here;
And when this cloud of ſorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world we'l make her graces known:

So

So freſh the wound is, and the grief ſo vaſt,
That all our art and power of ſpeech is waſt;
Here paſſion ſwayes, but there the Muſe ſhall raiſe
Eternall monuments of louder praiſe.
There, our delight complying with her fame
Shall have occaſion to recite thy name,
Faire *Sachariſſa*, and now only fair,
To ſacred friendſhip wee'll an Altar rear,
Such as the Romans did erect of old,
Where on a Marble pillar ſhall be told
The lovely paſſion each to other bare,
With the reſemblance of that matchleſs pare.
Narciſſus to the thing for which hee pin'd,
Was not more like, then yours to her fair mind;
Save that you grac'd the ſeverall parts of life,
A ſpotleſs Virgin, and a faultleſs wife;
Such was the ſweet converſe 'twixt her and you,
As that ſhe holds with her aſſociates now.

How falſe is Hope, and how regardleſs Fate,
That ſuch a love ſhould have ſo ſhort a date!
Lately I ſaw her ſighing part from thee:
(Alas that that the laſt farewell ſhould be!)
So lookt *Aſtrea*, her remove deſign'd,
On thoſe diſtreſſed friends ſhee left behind.
Conſent in vertue knit your hearts ſo faſt,
That ſtill the knot in ſpight of Death does laſt.
For as your tears and ſorrow-wounded ſoule
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole:
So all we know of what they doe above
Is that they happy are, and that they love:
Let darke oblivion, and the hollow grave
Content themſelves our frailer thoughts to have;
Well choſen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the skie;
Then grieve no more that One ſo heavenly ſhap'd
The crooked hand of trembling Age eſcap'd:

Rather

Rather ſince wee beheld her not decay,
But that ſhee vaniſh'd ſo entire away,
Her wond'rous beauty and her goodnes merit
Wee ſhould ſuppoſe that ſome propitious ſpirit
In that celeſtiall forme frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceaſes to appeare.

To the Queen Mother upon her landing.

GReat Queen of *Europe*, where thy off-ſpring wears
All the chief Crowns, whoſe Princes are thy heirs;
As welcome thou to Sea-girt Britains ſhore,
As erſt *Latona* (who faire *Cynthia* bore)
To *Delos* was; here ſhines a Nymph as bright,
By thee diſclos'd with like increaſe of light.
Why was her ioy in *Belgia* ſo confin'd?
Or why did you ſo much regard the wind?

Scarce could the *Ocean* (though intrag'd) have toſt
Thy Soveraign Bark, but where th' obſequious Coaſt
Payes tribute to thy bed: *Romes* conquering hand
More vanquiſh'd Nations under her command
Never reduc'd. Glad *Berecynthia* ſo
Among her deathleſs progeny did go:
A wreath of Towres adorn'd her reverend head,
Mother of all that on *Ambroſia* fed.
Thy God-like race muſt ſway the age to come,
As ſhee *Olympus* peopled with her wombe.
Would theſe Commanders of mankind obay
Their honour'd Parent, all pretences lay
Downe at your Royall feete, compoſe their jars,
And on the growing Turk diſcharge theſe wars,
The Chriſtian Knights that ſacred tombe ſhould wreſt
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'r the Eaſt:
There *Englands* Prince, and *Gallia's* Daulphin might
Like young *Rinaldo* and *Tancredo* fight,

In ſingle combate, by their ſwords again
The proud *Argantes* and fierce *Soldan* ſlaine;
Again might wee their glorious deeds recite,
And with your Thuſcan Muſe exalt the fight.

Song.

Peace babling Muſe,
I dare not ſing what you indite;
Her eyes refuſe
To read the paſſion which they write:
She ſtrikes my Lute, but if it ſound,
Threatens to hurle it on the ground;
And I no leſs her anger dread,
Then the poore wretch that faines him dead,
While ſome fierce Lion does imbrace
His breathleſs corps, and licks his face;
Wrapt up in ſilent feare hee lyes,
Torne all in pieces, if hee cryes.

Of Love.

ANger in hasty words or blowes
It selfe discharges on our foes;
And sorrow too finds some relief
In teares which wait upon our grief:
So every passion but fond Love
Vnto its owne redress does move,
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his owne designes,
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disord'red tremble, fawn and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where hee endeavours to bee priz'd.
For women borne to bee controul'd
Stoope to the forward and the bold,

Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud,
Who firſt the generous ſteed oppreſt,
Not kneeling did ſalu te the beaſt,
But with high courage, life and force
Approching, tam'd the unruly horſe,
Vnwiſely wee the wiſer Eaſt
Pity, ſuppoſing them oppreſt
With tyrants force, whoſe law is will,
By which they governe, ſpoile and kill;
Each Nymph but moderately faire
Commands with no leſſe rigour here.
Should ſome brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty Laſſes bright and young,
And beckens to the willing Dame
Prefer'd to quench his preſent flame,
Behold as many gallants here
With modeſt guiſe and ſilent feare

All to one ſemall Idoll bend,
Whilſt her high pride does ſcarce deſcend
To marke their follies, hee would ſweare
That theſe her guard of Eunuchs were,
And that a more Majeſtique Queen,
Or humbler ſlaves, hee had not ſeen.
All this with indignation ſpoke
In vaine I ſtrugled with the yoke
Of mighty Love; that conqu'ring look,
When next beheld, like lightning ſtrook
My blaſted ſoule, and made mee bow
Lower then thoſe I pityed now.
So the tall Stag upon the brink
Of ſome ſmooth ſtreame about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With ſhame remembers that hee fled
The ſcorned dogs, reſolves to try
The combate next; but if their cry

Invades againe his trembling ear,
Hee ſtraight reſumes his wonted fear,
Leaves the untaſted Spring behinde,
And wing'd with fear outflyes the winde.

To the mutable Faire.

HEre, *Cœlia*, for thy ſake I part
With all that grew ſo neare my heart,
The paſſion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the conſtancy;
And that I may ſucceſsfull prove,
Transform my ſelf to what you love.
Foole that I was, ſo much to prize
Thoſe ſimple vertues you deſpiſe!
Foole, that with ſuch dull arrowes ſtrove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove!

For you that are in motion ſtill,
Decline our force, and mock our skill,
Who like *Don Quixote* doe advance
Againſt a windmill our vaine lance.
Now will I wander through the ayre,
Mount, make a ſtoope at every Fayre,
And with a fancy unconfin'd
(As lawleſs as the the Sea or wind)
Purſue you wereſoere you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.
The formall ſtars doe travell ſo,
As wee their names and courſes know;
And hee that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books;
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To an y art, the motion us'd
By thoſe free vapours are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd ſight

Deſpaires

Deſpaires to find the rules that guide
Thoſe guilded ſhadows as they ſlide;
And therefore of the ſpacious ayre
Joves royall Conſort had the care,
And by that power did once eſcape
Declining bold *Ixion*'s rape;
Shee with her own reſemblance grac'd
A ſhining cloud, which hee imbrac'd.
Such was that Image, ſo it ſmil'd
With ſeeming kindneſs, which beguil'd
Your *Thirſis* lately, when hee thought
Hee had his fleeting *Cœlia* caught;
'Twas ſhap'd like her, but for the Fayr
Hee fill'd his arms with yeelding ayr.
A fate, for which he grieves the leſs,
Becauſe the Gods had like ſucceſs;
For in their ſtory, One (we ſee)
Purſues a Nymph and takes a tree;

A ſecond with a Lovers haſt
Soon overtakes whom he had chas'd,
But ſhe that did a Virgin ſeem,
Poſſeſt, appears a wandring ſtream;
For his ſuppoſed Love a third
Laies greedy hold upon a bird,
And ſtands amaz'd to find his deare
A wild Inhabitant of th'ayre.

To theſe old tales ſuch Nymphs as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new;
The Amorous now like wonders find
In the ſwift changes of your mind.

But *Cœlia*, if you apprehend
The Muſe of your incenſed friend,
Nor would that hee record your blame,
And make it live; repeat the ſame,
Again deceive him and again,
And then he ſwears hee'l not complain:

For

For still to be deluded so,
Is all the pleasure Lovers know,
Who, like good Faulkners, take delight
Not in the quarrey, but the flight.

Of the taking of *Sally*.

OF *Jason*, *Theseus*, and such Worthies old
Light seem the tales Antiquity has told,
Such Beasts and Monsters as their force oppress,
Some places only, and some times infest;
Sally, that scorn'd all power and lawes of Men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their Den.
And future ages threatning with a crude
And salvage race successively renew'd,

Their

Their Kings despising with rebellious pride,
And foes profess'd to all the world beside,
This pest of mankind gives our Hero fame,
And through th'obliged world dilates his name.

The Prophet once to cruell *Agag* said,
As thy fierce sword has Mothers childless made,
So shall the sword make thine; and with that word
Hee hew'd the man in pieces with his sword:
Just *Charles* like measure has return'd to these
Whose Pagan hands had stain'd the troubled Seas;
With ships they made the spoiled Merchants mourn,
With ships their City and themselves are torn;
One squadron of our winged Castles sent
O'rthrew their Fort, and all their Navy rent.

For not content the dangers to increase,
And act the part of tempests in the Seas,
Like hungry Wolves these Pirats from our shore
Whole flocks of sheep and ravish'd cattell bore.

Safely

Safely they did on other Nations prey:
Fooles, to provoke the Soveraign of the Sea!
Mad *Cacus* so, whom like ill Fate perswades,
The Herd of fair *Alcmena*'s seed invades,
Who for revenge, and mortalls glad reliefe
Sack'd the dark Cave, and crush'd that horrid thiefe.
Morocco's Monarch wond'ring at this fact,
Save that his presence his affaires exact,
Had come in person to have seen and known
The injur'd worlds revenger and his own;
Hither he sends the chiefe among his Peeres,
Who in his Barke well-chosen presents bears
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poore Captives manumis'd, and matchless horse.

To

To Mistris *Braughton.*

FAire fellow-servant, May your gentle eare
Prove more propitious to my slighted care,
Then the bright Dame's we serve, for her reliefe
(Vext with the long expressions of my griefe)
Receive these plaints, nor will her high disdain
Forbid my humble Muse to court her train.
So in those Nations which the Sun adore
Some modest Persian, or some weak-ey'd Moore,
No higher dares advance his dazled sight;
Then to some guilded cloud, which neere the light
Of their ascending God adorns the East,
And graced with his beams outshines the rest.

Thy

Thy skilfull hand contributes to our wo,
And whets those Arrows which confound us so;
A thousand *Cupids* in those curles doe sit,
Those curious Nets your slender fingers knit:
The *Graces* put not more exactly on
Th'attire of *Venus*, when the Ball she won,
Then *Sacharissa* by thy care is drest,
When all our youth prefers her to the rest.

You the soft seasons know, when best her mind
May be to pity or to love inclin'd,
In some well chosen houre supply his fear,
Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear
Of that stern Goddess; You (her priest) declare
What offrings may propitiate the Faire,
Rich orient Pearl, bright stones that ne'r decay,
Or polish'd lines which longer last then they:

For if I thought shee took delight in those,
To where the chearfull Morn does first disclose,

(The ſhady night removing with her beams)
Wing'd with bold Love, I'd fly to fetch ſuch gems.
But ſince her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels
All that is found in Mines or fiſhes ſhels,
Her nobler part as far exceeding theſe,
None but immortall gifts her mind can pleaſe.
Thoſe ſhining Jewels *Greece* and *Troy* beſtow'd,
The ſnowy wriſts, and lovely neck did lode
Of *Sparta*'s Queen, but when the Town was burn'd,
Thoſe fading glories were to aſhes turn'd;
Her beauty too had periſh'd, and her fame,
Had not the Muſe redeem'd them from the Flame.

Puerperium.

Puerperium.

YOu Gods that have the power
To trouble and compose
All that's beneath your power,
Calm: silence on the Seas, on earth impose.

Faire *Venus*, in thy soft armes
The God of rage confine;
For thy whispers are the charmes
Which only can divert his fierce designe.
What though hee frowne, and to tumult doe incline?
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breast canst tame
With that snow which unmelted lyes on thine.

Great Goddeſs, give this thy ſacred Iſland reſt,
Make heaven ſmile,
That no ſtorme diſturbe us while
Thy chieſe care our *Halcyon* builds her neſt.

Great *Gloriana*, faire *Gloriana*,
Bright as high heaven is and fertile as earth;
Whoſe beauty relieves us
Whoſe royall bed gives us
Both glory, and peace,
Our preſent joy, our hopes increaſe.

To *Phillis*.

Phillis, why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter then the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lifes beyond their ſpan,
Beauty like a ſhadow flies,
And our youth before us dies:
Or would youth and beauty ſtay,
Love has wings, and will away,
Love has ſwifter wings then time.
Change in love to heaven does climbe;
Gods that never change their ſtate,
Varied oft their love and hate:
Phillis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two;

Let not you and I enquire,
What has bin our past desire;
On what shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd;
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter doe;
For the joyes we now may prove,
Take advice of present Love.

To *Phillis*.

Phillis' twas love that injur'd you,
And on that rock your *Thirsis* threw,
Who for proud *Cœlia* could have dy'd,
Whilst you no less accus'd his pride.

Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing ſprings from what he ſows:
From foes diſcharg'd as often meet
The ſhining points of arrowes fleet
In the wide ayre creating fire,
As ſoules that joyne in one deſire.

Love made the lovely *Venus* burne
In vaine, and for the cold Youth mourne,
Who the purſuite of churliſh beaſts
Prefer'd to ſleeping on her breaſts.

Love makes ſo many hearts the prize
Of the bright *Carliſles* conqu'ring eyes,
Which ſhee regards no more then they
The teares of leſſer beauties weigh:
So have I ſeene the loſt clouds powre
Into the Sea an uſeleſs ſhowre;
And the vext ſaylers curſe the rain,
For which poor ſhepheards pray'd in vain.

Then (*Phillis*) ſince our paſſions are
Govern'd by chance, and not the care
But ſport of heaven, which takes delight
To looke upon this *Parthian* fight
Of Love, ſtill flying or in chaſe,
Never incountring face to face;
No more to Love wee'l ſacrifice,
But to the beſt of Deities;
And let our hearts which Love disjoyn'd,
By his kind Mother bee combin'd.

Song

Song.

WHile I listen to thy voyce,
Chloris, *I feele my life decay;*
That powerfull noyse
Calls my fleeting soule away.
Oh, suppress that magick sound,
Which destroyes without a wound.

Peace Chloris, *peace, or singing dye,*
That together you and I
To heav'n may goe:
For all wee know
Of what the blessed doe above,
Is that they sing, and that they love.

Song.

Stay Phœbus, *stay,*
The world to which you fly so fast
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your hast
With no such object, nor salute your Rise
With no such wonders as de Mornay's *eyes.*
Well does this prove
The errour of those antique bookes,
Which made you move
About the world; her charming lookes
Would fix your beames, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling earth snatch her away.

To

To *Amoret*.

A *Moret*, the milky way,
Fram'd of many nameless stars;
The smooth stream, where none can say
Hee this drop to that prefers:

Amoret, my lovely so,
Tell me where thy strength doth ly,
Where the power that charms us so;
In thy soul, or in thy ey?

By that snowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion seen,
No such wonders could be done;
Yet thy wast is streight and clean,
As *Cupids* shaft, or *Hermes* rod,
And powerfull too as either God.

To my Lord of *Falkland.*

BRave *Holland* leads, and with him *Falkland* goes;
Who hears this told, and does not straight suppose
We send the *Graces* and the *Muses* forth
To civilize, and to instruct the North?
Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp;
Apollo wears as well his Bow as Harp;
And though he be the Patron of that Spring
Where in calm Peace the sacred Virgins sing,
He courage had to guard th'invaded throne
Of *Jove*, and cast th'ambitious Giants down.
Ah! (noble Friend) with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigall

Of

Of thy great Soul thou art, longing to twist
Bayes with that Ivy which so early kist
Thy youthfull Temples, with what horrour wee
Think on the blind events of war, and thee
To Fate exposing that all-knowing breſt
Among the throng as cheaply as the reſt,
Where Oaks and brambles (if the Copſe be burn'd)
Confounded lie, to the ſame aſhes turn'd!

Some happy wind over the Ocean blow
This tempeſt yet, which frights our Iſland ſo,
Guarded with ſhips, and all the Sea our own,
From heaven this miſchief on our heads is thrown.

In a late Dream the *Genius* of this Land
Amaz'd I ſaw like the fair *Hebrew* ſtand,
When firſt ſhe felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the ſeat of civill war;
Inclin'd to whoſe relief, and with preſage
Of better fortune for the preſent Age,

Heaven

Heaven ſends, quoth I, this diſcord for our good,
To warm perhaps, but not to waſte our blood;
To raiſe our drooping ſpirits, grown the ſcorn
Of our proud Neighbours, who ere long ſhall mourn
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
Wee had occaſion to reſume our Arms.
A Lion ſo with ſelf-provoking ſmart,
His rebell tail ſcourging his nobler part,
Calls up his courage, then begins to roare,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

Of

Of a Lady who writ in praiſe of *Mira*.

WHile ſhe pretends to make the graces known
Of matchleſs *Mira*, ſhe reveals her own;
And when ſhe would anothers praiſe indite,
Is by her glaſs inſtructed how to write.

To one married to an old man.

SInce thou wouldſt needs, bewitch'd with ſome ill (charms,
Be buried in thoſe monumentall arms,
All wee can wiſh, is, May that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs, and ſo Good night.

For

For the Drinking of Healths.

LET Brutes and Vegetals that cannot thinke,
Surfeit as drought and Nature urges, drinke;
A more indulgent Mistris guides our sprights,
Reason, that dares beyond our appetites,
Shee would our care as well as thirst redress,
And with Divinity rewards excess.
Deserted *Ariadne* thus supplide,
Did perjur'd *Theseus* cruelty deride,
Bacchus imbrac'd from her exalted thought
Banish'd thee an, her passion, and his fault.
Bacchus and *Phœbus* are by *Jove* alli'd,
And each by others timely heat supplied:
All that the Grapes owe to his ripening fires,
Is paid in numbers which their juyce inspires.

Wine

Wine fills the veines, and Healths are underſtood
To give our friends a title to our blood;
Who naming me doth warm his courage ſo,
Shews for my ſake what his bold hand would do.

To *Flavia*.

Song.

'Tis not your Beauty vaunting Age
My wary Heart;
The Sun in all his Pride and Rage
Has not that Art;
And yet he ſhines as bright as you,
If brightneſs could our Soules ſubdue.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,
Or those you write,
Which can make Thirsis *heart your Prey,*
For that delight,
The graces of a well taught minde
In some of our own Sex we finde.

No Flavia, *'tis your Love I fear,*
Loves surest Darts
Those which so seldome fail him are
Headed with Hearts,
Their very shadow makes us yield,
Dissemble well, and win the Field.

Of my Lady *Isabella* playing on the Lute.

SUch moving ſounds from ſuch a careleſs touch,
So unconcern'd her ſelfe, and we ſo much!
What Art is this, that with ſo little pains
Tranſports us thus, and o'r the ſpirit raigns?
The trembling ſtrings about her fingers croud,
And tell their joy for every kiſs aloud;
Small force there needs to make them tremble ſo;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes ſtand, and while ſhe charms the eare,
Empties his Quiver on the liſtning Deere:
Muſick ſo ſoftens and diſarms the mind,
That not an Arrow does reſiſtance find;
Thus the faire Tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts her ſelf the triumph of her eyes.
So *Nero* once, with Harp in hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming *Rome*, and as it burn'd, he play'd.

The fall.

SEe how the willing earth gave way
To take th'impression where shee lay!
See how the mould, as loath to leave
So sweete a burden, still does cleave
Close to th'Nymphs stain'd garment! here
The comming Spring would first appeare,
And all this place with roses strow,
If busie feet would let them grow:
Here *Venus* smil'd to see blind Chance
It selfe before her Son advance,
And a faire Image to present
Of what the Boy so long had meant.
'Twas such a chance as this made all
The world into this order fall;

Thus the first Lovers, on the clay
Of which they were composed, lay;
So in their prime with equall grace
Met the first Patterns of our Race;
Then blush not (Faire) or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and hee'l tremble straight,
How could he then support your waight?
How could the Youth (alas!) but bend,
When his whole heaven upon him lean'd?
If ought by him amiss were done,
'T was that he let you rise so soone.

Of *Silvia*.

OUr ſighes are heard, juſt Heaven declares
The ſenſe it has of Lovers cares;
She that ſo far the reſt out-ſhin'd,
Silvia the faire, while ſhe was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems onely not unhandſome now:
So when the skie makes us endure
A ſtorme, it ſelfe becomes obſcure.

Hence 'tis that I conceale my flame,
Hiding from *Flavia*'s ſelfe her name,
Leſt ſhe provoking Heaven ſhould prove
How it rewards neglected Love:

Better a thouſand ſuch as I,
Their griefe untold, ſhould pine and die,
Then her bright Morning overcaſt
With ſullen clouds ſhould be defac'd.

The Bud.

LAtely on yonder ſwelling Buſh,
Big with many a coming Roſe,
This early Bud began to bluſh,
And did but halfe it ſelfe diſcloſe:
I pluck'd it, though no better grown,
Yet now you ſee how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a purple light they ſhone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And ſpreading ſo would flame anon.
All that was meant by Aire or Sun
To the young Flower, my breath has done.

If our looſe breath ſo much can doe,
What may the ſame in formes of Love,
Of pureſt Love and Muſick too,
When *Flavia* it aſpires to move;
When that which lifeleſs Buds perſuades
To wax more ſoft, her youth invades?

To a Lady ſinging a Song of his compoſing.

CHloris, *your ſelfe you ſo excell,*
When you vouchſafe to breath my thought,
That like a Spirit with this ſpell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That Eagles fate and mine are one,
Which on the ſhaft that made him die,
Eſpi'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith hee wont to ſoare ſo high.

Had Echo *with ſo ſweet a grace*
Narciſſus *loud complaints return'd,*
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voyce the Boy had mourn'd.

At the Marriage of the Dwarfes.

THe Signe or Chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this Match contrive;
Eve might as well have *Adam* fled,
As ſhe deni'd her little Bed
To him, for whom Heav'n ſeem'd to frame,
And meaſure out this onely Dame.

Thrice happy is that humble Paire
Beneath the levell of all Care,
Over whoſe heads thoſe Arrows fly
Of ſad Diſtruſt and Jealouſie,
Secured in as high extream,
As if the World held none but them.

To him the fairest Nymphs doe show
Like moving Mountains topt with Snow;
And every man a *Polypheme*
Does to his *Galatea* seeme:
None may presume her faith to prove;
He profers Death, that profers Love.

Ah (*Chloris*) that kind Nature thus
From all the World had sever'd us,
Creating for our selves us two,
As Love has me for onely you!

Vpon *Ben: Iohnson.*

MIrrour of Poets, Mirrour of our Age,
Which her whole face beholding on thy Stage,
Pleas'd and displeas'd with her own faults, indures
A remedy like those whom Musick cures:

Thou

Thou haſt alone thoſe various inclinations
Which Nature gives to Ages, Sexes, Nations;
Haſt tracked with thy all-reſembling Pen
What ever Cuſtome has impos'd on Men,
Or ill-got Habits (which diſtorts them ſo,
That ſcarce one Brother can the brother know)
Is repreſenting to the wondring eyes
Of all that ſee or read thy Comedies;
Who ever in thoſe Glaſſes look, may find
The ſpots return'd, or graces of the mind;
And by the helpe of ſo divine an Art,
At leiſure view and dreſs his nobler Part.
Narciſſus cous'ned by that flattering Well,
And nothing could but of his beauty tell;
Had here diſcovering the deform'd eſtate
Of his fond mind preſerv'd himſelfe with hate.
But Vertue too, aſwell as Vice, is clad
In fleſh and blood ſo well, that *Plato* had

Beheld what his high fancie once embrac'd,
Vertue with colours, ſpeech, and motion grac'd.
The ſundry Poſtures of thy copious Muſe
Who would expreſs, a thouſand Tongues muſt uſe;
Whoſe Fate's no leſs peculiar then thy Art;
For as thou couldſt all Characters impart,
So none can render thine, who ſtill eſcapes
Like *Proteus* in variety of ſhapes,
Who was, nor this, nor that, but all we find,
And all we can imagine in mankind.

To

To Master *George Sands* on his Translation of some part of the Bible.

HOw bold a work attempts that Pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of those men,
Who here with the same Spirit sung,
Wherewith they now assist the Quire
Of Angels, who their Songs admire?

What ever those inspired Soules
Were urged to express, did shake
The aged Deepe, and both the Poles,
Their num'rous thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heaven consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say

Say (ſacred Bard) what could beſtow
Courage on thee to ſoare ſo high?
Tell me (brave Friend) what help'd thee ſo
To ſhake off all Mortalitie?
To light this Torch, thou haſt climb'd higher
Then he who ſtole Cœleſtiall fier.

Chloris and *Hilas*.

Chl. HIlas, ô *Hilas!* why ſit we mute,
Now that each Bird ſaluteth the Spring?
Winde up the ſlack'ned ſtrings of thy Lute,
Never canſt thou want matter to ſing:
For Love thy breaſt does fill with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe'r is faire moves thy deſire.

Hil.

Hil. Sweeteſt, you know the ſweeteſt of things
Of various flowers the Bees doe compoſe,
Yet no particular taſt it brings
Of Violet, Woodbine, Pink, or Roſe:
So Love the reſultance is of all our Graces,
Which flow from a thouſand ſeverall faces.

Chl. Hilas, the Birds which chaunt it in this Grove,
Could we but know the language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in Love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant Muſe;
For Love their breſts does fill with ſuch a fire,
That what they once do chooſe bounds their deſire.

Hil. Chloris, this change the Birds doe approve,
Which the warm Seaſon hither does bring;
Time from your ſelfe does further remove
You, then the Winter from the gay Spring:

Shee

Shee that like Lightning ſhin'd while her face laſted,
The Oak now reſembles which Lightning has blaſted.

Vnder a Ladies Picture.

SUch *Helen* was, and who can blame the Boy
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his *Troy?*
But had like Vertue ſhin'd in that faire Greek,
The amorous Shepheard had not dar'd to ſeek,
Or hope for pity, but with ſilent moane
And better fate had periſhed alone.

In answer of Sir *John Sucklins* Verses.

Con.

STay here fond Youth, and ask no more, be wise,
Knowing too much long since lost Paradise.

Pro.

And by your knowledge we should be bereft
Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

Con.

The vertuous joyes thou hast, thou wouldst, should stil
Last in their pride, and wouldst not take it ill,
If rudely from sweet Dreams, and for a toy
Thou wert awak'd; he wakes himselfe that does enjoy.

Pro.

Pro.

How can the joy or hope which you allow,
Be ſtiled vertuous, and the end not ſo?
Talke in your ſleep, and ſhadows ſtill admire;
'Tis true, he wakes that feeles this reall fire,
But to ſleep better; for who ere drinks deep
Of this Nepenthe, rocks himſelfe aſleep.

Con.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but deſtroyes,
And while it pleaſeth much, yet ſtill it cloyes;
Who thinkes he ſhall be happier made for that,
As reaſonably might hope, he might grow fat
By eating to a Surfeit, this once paſt
What reliſhes? even kiſſes loſe their taſt.

Pro.

Blessings may be repeated while they cloy;
But shall we starve, 'cause Surfeitings destroy?
And if fruition did the taste impaire
Of kisses, why should yonder happy Paire,
Where joyes just *Hymen* warrants all the night,
Consume the day too in this less delight?

Con.

Urge not 't is necessary, alas! we know
The homelieſt thing that Man-kind does is so;
The World is of a large extent we see,
And must be peopled, Children there must bee,
So must Bread too: but since there are enough
Borne to that drudgery, what need we plough?

Pro.

I need not plough, ſince what the ſtooping Hine
Gets of my pregnant Land, muſt all be mine;
But in this nobler Tillage 'tis not ſo,
For when *Anchiſes* did faire *Venus* know,
What intreſt had poore *Vulcan* in the Boy,
Great-ſoul'd *Æneas*, or the preſent joy?

Con.

Women enjoy'd, what ere tofore they have been,
Are like Romances read, or Scenes once ſeen:
Fruition dulls or ſpoyles the Play much more,
Then if one read, or knew the Plot before.

Pro.

Playes and Romances read and ſeen doe fall,
Opinions, yet not ſeen at all

Whom would they pleaſe? to an Heroick tale
Would you not liſten, leſt it ſhould grow ſtale?

Con.

'Tis Expectation makes a Bleſſing deare:
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.

Pro.

If 't were not Heaven, if we knew what it were,
'T would not be Heaven to them that now are there.

Con.

As in proſpects we are there pleaſed moſt,
Where ſomething keeps the eie from being loſt,
And leaves roome to gueſs: ſo here reſtraint
Holds up delight, that with exceſs would faint.

Pro.

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,
But he ne'r has it that enjoyes it not.
In goodly prospects, who contracts the space,
Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
We wish remov'd what standeth in our light,
And Nature blame for limiting our sight,
Where you stand wisely winking, that the view
Of the faire prospect may be alwaies new.

Con.

They who know all the wealth they have are poore,
Hee's onely Rich that cannot tell his store.

Pro.

Not he that knows the wealth he has is poore,
But he that dares not touch, nor use his store.

To *A.H.* of the different succeſs of their Loves.

THrice happy Paire, of whom we cannot know
Which firſt began to love, or loves moſt now:
Faire courſe of Paſſion, where two Lovers ſtart
And run together, heart ſtill yoakt in heart!
Succesfull Youth, whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious in thy firſt Eſſay!
Sure Love's an Art beſt practiſed at firſt,
And where th'experienc'd ſtill proſper worſt
I with a different Fate purſu'd in vain
The haughty *Celia*, till my juſt diſdain
Of her neglect above that Paſſion born,
Did pride to pride oppoſe, and ſcorn to ſcorn.
Now ſhee relents, but all too late to move
A Heart diverted to a nobler Love:

The Scales are turn'd, her Kingdome weighs no more
Now, then my vowes and service did before.
So in some well-wrought Hangings you may see
How *Hector* leads, and how the Grecians flee;
Here the fierce *Mars* his courage so inspires,
That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet he fires;
But there from Heav'n the blew ey'd Virgin falls,
And frighted *Troy* retires within her walls:
They that are foremost in that bloody place
Turn head anon, and give the Conquerours chace.
So like the Chances are of Love and Warre,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are;
In Love the Victors from the vanquish'd flie,
They flie that wound, and they pursue that die.

An Apologie for having loved before.

THey that never had the use
Of the Grapes surprizing juyce,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up;
Neither doe, nor care to know
Whether it be the best or no.

So they that are to Love enclin'd,
Sway'd by Chance, not choyce or art,
To the first that's faire or kind,
Make a present of their heart;
'Tis not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To

To Man, that was i'th' Evening made,
Stars gave the firſt delight,
Admiring in the gloomy ſhade
Thoſe little drops of light.

Then at *Aurora*, whoſe faire hand
Remov'd him from the skies,
Hee gazing towards the Eaſt did ſtand,
Shee entertain'd his eies.

But when the bright Sun did appeare,
All thoſe he 'gan deſpiſe:
His wonder was determin'd there,
Hee could no higher riſe.

Hee

Hee neither might, or wish'd to know
A more refulgent light
For that, as mine your Beauties now
Imploy his utmost sight.

Palamede to *Zelinde*
Ariana. lib. 6.

FAirest piece of well form'd earth,
Vrge not thus your haughty Birth,
The power which you have on us lyes
Not in your Race, but in your eyes.
None but a Prince! alas, that voyce,
Confines you to a narrow choyce;
Should you no honey vow to tast,
But what the Master Bees have plac't

In compaſs of their Cells, how ſmal
A portion to your ſhare would fall?
Nor all appeare among thoſe few,
Worthy the ſtock from whence they grew.
The ſap which at the root is bred
In Trees, through all the boughs is ſpred.
But Vertues which in Parents ſhine,
Make not like Progreſs through the Line.
'Tis not from whom, but where wee live,
The place does oft thoſe Graces give.
Great *Iulius* on the Mountaines bred,
A flock perhaps or herd had led:
Hee that the world ſubdu'd had been
But the beſt Wreſtler on the Green.
'Tis art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden ſeeds of native worth,
They blow thoſe ſparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch flames as touch the Skies.

To the old Hero's hence was given
A Pedegree which reach'd to Heaven;
Of mortall Seed they were not held,
Which other Mortalls ſo excell'd:
And Beauty too in ſuch exceſs
As yours, *Zelinde*, claymes no leſs;
Smile but on me, and you ſhall ſcorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can deſcribe the ſhady Grove,
Where your lov'd Mother ſlept with *Jove*,
And yet excuſe the faultleſs Dame
Caught with her Spouſes ſhape and name;
Thy matchleſs forme will credit bring
To all the wonders I ſhall ſing.

Love

Loves Farewell.

IN Reading the path to Nobler ends,
A long farewell to Love I gave:
Resolv'd my Country and my Friends
All that remain'd of me should have;
And this Resolve no mortall Dame,
None but those eyes could have o'rthrowne.
The Nymph, I dare, nor need not name,
So high, so like her selfe alone:
Thus the tall Oak, which now aspires
Above the feares of private fires,
Grown, and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but build the house;
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from heaven indure.

To *Chloris*.

CHloris, what eminent wee know,
Must for some cause be valued so;
Things without use, though they be good,
Are not by us so understood.
The early Rose made to display
Her bushes to the youthfull *May*,
Doth yeeld her sweets since he is faire,
And courts her with a gentle ayre.
Our stars too shew their excellence,
Not by their light, but influence;
When brighter Comets since still known,
Fatall to all, are lik'e by none:
So your admired beauty still
Is by effects made good or ill.

Mada

Madam,

AS in ſome climes the warmer Sun,
Makes it full Summer ere the ſpring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before the violets dare looke abroad:
So meaſure not by any common uſe,
The early love your brighter eyes produce,
When lately your fair hand, in womans weed,
Wrapt my glad head, I wiſh't me ſo indeed,
That haſty time might never make me grow,
Out of thoſe favours you afford me now:
That I might ever ſuch indulgence find,
And you not bluſh or thinke your ſelf too kind,
Who now I feare while I theſe joyes expreſs,
Begin to thinke how you may make them leſs:
The ſound of love makes your ſoft heart affraide,
And guard it ſelf, though but a child invade,
And innocently at your white breaſt throw
A dart as white, a Ball of new faln ſnow.

An Epigram
On a painted Lady with ill teeth.

WVere men so dull they could not see
That *Lyce* painted, should they flee
Like simple Birds into a Net,
So grosly woven and ill set;
Her own teeth would undoe the knot,
And let all goe that she had got.

Those teeth faire *Lyce* must not show,
If she would bite: her Lovers, though
Like Birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes;
The rotten bones discovered there,
Show 'tis a painted Sepulcher.

On

On a Girdle.

THat which her ſlender waſte confin'd,
Shall now my joyfull temples bind;
No Monarch but would give his Crowne
His Armes might doe what this has done,

It is my Heavens extreameſt Spheare,
The pale which held the lovely Deare,
My joy, my griefe, my hope, my Love,
Doe all within this Circle move.

A narrow compas, and yet there
Dwells all that's good, and all that's faire:
Give me but what this Ribban ty'd,
Take all the ſun goes round beſide.

On Mr. *Iohn Fletchers* playes.

F*Letcher*, to thee we doe not only owe
All these good playes but those others too;
Thy wit repeated does support the Stage,
Credits the last, and entertaines this Age,
No worthies form'd by any Muse but thine
Could purchase robes, to make themselves so fine,
What brave Commander is not proud to see
Thy brave *Melantius* in his Gallantrie,
Our greatest Ladys love to see their scorne
Out done by thine, in what themselves have worne,
The Impatient widdow ere the yeare be done,
Sees thy *Aspasia* weeping in her gowne.
I never yet the Tragicke straine assayed,
Deter'd by that inimitable Maide.

And

And when I venture at the Comicke ſtile,
Thy ſcornfull Lady, ſeemes to mocke my toile.
Thus has thy Muſe at once improv'd and marr'd,
Our ſport in playes by rendring it too hard.
So when a ſort of luſty ſhepheards throwe,
The barre by turnes, and none the reſt out goe
So farre but that the beſt are meaſuring caſts,
There emulatio n, and there paſtimes laſts;
But if ſome braunie Yeoman of the guard
Stepp in and toſſe the axeltrie a yard,
Or more beyond the furtheſt marke, the reſt,
Diſpairing ſtand, Their ſport is at the beſt.

To

To *Chloris* uppon a favour receaved.

Chloris, since first our calme of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we finde,
Your favours with your feares increase,
And growing mischiefs make you kinde.
So the fayre tree which still preserves
Her fruit and state whilst no wind blows,
In stormes from that uprightnesse swerves,
And the glad earth about her strowes
With treasure from her yeilding boughs.

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Mr. *WALLERS* Speech in Parliament against the Prelates Innovations.

Mr. Speaker,

WEE shall make it appeare, the errours of Divines who would that a Monarch, can bee absolute, and that hee can do all things *ad libitum*, receding not onely from their Text, (though that bee wandring too) but from the way their own profession might teach them. *Stare super vias antiquas*, and remove not the ancient bounds and Land-marks, which our Fathers have set.

If to bee absolute, were to bee restrained by no Lawes; Then can no King in Christendome bee so, for they all stand obleidged to the Laws Christian, and we ask no more, for to this Pillar, bee our Priviledges fixt. Our Kings at their *Coronation*, having taken a Sacred Oath, not to infringe them, I am sorry these men take no more care, for the informing of our Faith of these things, which they tell us for our Soules health; whilest wee know them so manifestly in the wrong way, in that which concernes the Liberties and Priviledges of the Subjects of *England*.

They gain preferment, and then it is no matter, though they neither beleeve themselves, nor are beleeved by others. But since they are so ready, to let loose the Conscience of our Kings, wee are the more carefully to proceed for our protection against this Pulpit-law, by declaring, and reinforcing Municipall Laws of this Kingdom.

It is worthy the observation, how new this opinion, or rather this way of rising, is even amongst themselves.

For, (Mr. *Speaker*) Mr. *Hooker*, who was no refractory man, (as they term it) thinks that the first government was Arbitray, untill it was found, that to live by one mans will, becomes all mens misery; these are his words, and that these were the originall of inventing Laws.

And (Mr. *Speaker*,) if wee looke farther backe, our Histories will tell us, that the Prelates of this Kingdome, have often been the Mediators between the King and his Subjects, to present and pray redresse of their grievances, and had reciprocally then, as much love and reverence from the people.

But these Preachers, more active then their Predecessors, and wiser then the Laws, have fouud out a better form of Goverment,

The King must be a more absolute Monarch, than any of his Pedecessours, and to them he must owe it, though in the mean time, they hazard the hearts of the People, and involve Him into a thousand Difficulties.

For suppose, this forme of Government were incon-

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venient; (Mr. Speaker) this is but a Supposition; for this five hundred years it hath not only maintained us in safety, but made us victorious over other Nations: But suppose, this form of Government were inconvenient; and they have another *Idea* of one more convenient: We all know, how dangerous Innovations are, though to the better; and what hazard those Princes run, that enterprize the Change of a long established Government.

Now (*Mr. Speaker*) of all our Kings that have gone before, and of all that are to succeed in this happy race, why should so pious, and so good a King, be exposed to this trouble and hazard? Besides, that King so diverted, can never doe any great matters abroad.

But (*Mr. Speaker*) whilest these men have thus bent their Wits against the Law of their Country; have they not neglected their own profession? What tares are grown up in the field, which they should have tilled, I leave it to a second consideration? not but Religion be the first thing in our purposes and desires: But that which is first in dignity, is not alwayes to preceed in order of time, for well-being, supposes a being; and the first impediment which men naturally, endeavour to remove, is the want of those things, without which they cannot subsist. God first assigned unto *Adam*, maintenance of life, and added to him a title to the rest of the Creatures, before he appointed a Law to observe.

And let me tell you, that if our Adversaries have any such designe, as there is nothing more easie, then to impose Religion on a people deprived of their Liberties, so

there is nothing more hard, then to do the same upon Free-men.

And therefore (*Mr. Speaker*) I conclude with this motion, that there may be an Order presently made, that the first thing this House goes about, shall be the restoring of this Nation in generall, to the fundamentall and vitall Liberties, the propriety of our Goods, and freedome of our Persons: And then We will forthwith consider of the supply desired.

And thus shall We discharge the trust reposed in us by those that sent us hither: And His Majesty shall see, that we will make more then ordinary hast to satisfie *His demands*; and we shall let all those know that seek to hasten the matter of supply, that they will so far delay it, as they give no interruption to the Former.

Mr. WALLERS Speech in Parliament, at a Conference of both Houses in the painted Chamber.

6. July 1641.

MY LORDS.

I Am commanded by the House of Commons, to present you with these Articles against Mr. Justice *Crawley*, which when your Lordships shall have been pleased to heare read I shall take leave (according to custome) to say something of what I have collected from the sense of that House concerning the crimes therein conteined.

Here the charge was read conteining his extrajudicall opinions subscribed, and judgement given for Ship-money, and afterward a declaration in his charge at on assize, that Ship-mony was so inherent a right in the Crown, that it would not be in the power of a Parliament to take it away.

MY LORDS, Not only my wants but my affections render me lesse fit for this imployment: for though it has not been my happinesse to have the Law a part of my breeding, there is no man honours that profession more, or has a greater reverence towards the grave Judges the Oracles thereof. Out of Parliament all our Courts of Justice are governed or directed by them, and when a Parliament is

call'd, if your Lordships were not assisted by them, and the House of Commons by other Gentlemen of that Robe, experience tells us it might runne a hazard of being styled *Parliamentum indoctorum*. But as all professions are obnoxious to the malice of the professors, and by them most easily betrayed, so (my Lords) these Articles have told you how these brothers of the Coyfe are become *fratres in malo*; how these sonnes of the Law have torne out the bowells of their mother: But this Judge (whose charge you last heard) in one expression of his excells no lesse his Fellowes, then they have done the worst of their predecessours, in this conspiracy against the Common-wealth. Of the Judgement for Shipmoney, and those extrajudiciall opinions preceding the same (wherein they are ioyntly concern'd) you have already heard; how unjust and pernicious a proceeding that was in so publique a Cause, has beene sufficiently express'd to your Lordships: But this man, adding despaire to our misery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-money was a Right so inherent in the Crowne, that it would not be in the power of an Act of Parliament to take it away. Herein (my Lords) he did not onely give as deepe a wound to the Common-wealth as any of the rest, but dipt his dart in such a poyson, that so farre as in him lay it might never receive a cure. As by those abortive opinions subscribing to the subversion of our propriety, before hee heard what could be said for it, he prevented his owne, so by this declaration of his he endeavours to prevent the Judgement of your Lordships too,

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and to confine the power of a Parliament, the onely place where this mischiefe might be redrest: Sure he is more wise and learned, then to beleeve himselfe in this opinion, or not to know how ridiculous it would appeare to a Parliament, and how dangerous to himself, and therefore no doubt but by saying no Parliament could abolish this Judgement, his meaning was that this Judgement had abolish'd Parliaments.

This imposition of Ship-mony springing from a pretended necessity, was it not enough that it was now grown annuall, but he must intayle it upon the State for ever, at once making necessity inhærent to the Crowne, and slavery to the Subject? Necessity, which dissolving all Law is so much more prejudiciall to his Majesty then to any of us, by how much the Law has invested his Royall State with a greater power, and ampler fortune, for so undoubted a truth it has ever beene, that Kings as well as Subjects are involv'd in the confusion which necessity produces, that the Heathen, thought their gods also obliged by the same, *Parcamus necessitati quam nec homines nec dii superant*: This Judge then having in his charge at the Assize declar'd the dissolution of the Law by this suppos'd necessity, with what conscience could hee at the same Assize proceed to condeme and punish men, unlesse perhaps hee meant the Law was still in force for our destruction, and not for our preservation, that it should have power to kill, but none to protect us; a thing no lesse horrid then if the Sunne should burne without lighting us, or the earth serve onely to bury and not to

eed and nourish us But (my Lords) to demonstrate that this was a suppositious impos'd necessity, and such as they could remove when they pleas'd, at the last Convention in Parliament a price was set upon it, *for twelve Subsidies you shall reverse this Sentence*; It may be said that so much money would have removed the present necessity, but here was a Rate set upon future necessity. *For twelve Subsidies you shall never suffer necessity again, you shall for ever abolish that judgement*; Here this mystery is revealed, this visour of necessity is pull'd off, and now it appeares that this Parliament of Judges had very frankly and bountifully presented his Majesty with twelve Subsidies to be leavied on your Lordships, and the Commons: Certainly there is no priviledge which more properly belongs to a Parliament, then to open the purse of the Subject, and yet these Judges, who are neither capable of sitting among us in the house of Commons, nor with your Lordships, otherwise then as your assistants, have not only assum'd to themselves this priviledge of Parliament, but presum'd at once to make a present to the Crowne of all that either your Lordships or the Commons of *England* doe, or shall hereafter possesse.

And because this man has had the boldnesse to put the power of Parliament in ballance with the opinion of the Judges, I shall intreat your Lordships to observe by way of comparison the solemne and safe proceeding of the one, with the precipitate dispatch of the other. In Parliament (as your Lordships know well) no new Law can passe, or old be abrogated, till

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it has been thrice read with your Lordships, thrice in the Commons House, and then it receives the Royall Assent, so that 'tis like gold 7 times purified; whereas these Judges by this one resolution of theirs, would perswade his Majesty, that by naming *necessity* he might at once dissolve (at least suspend) the great Charter 32 times confirm'd by his Royal Progenitours, the petition of Right, and all other Lawes provided for the maintenance of the Right and propriety of the Subject; a strange force (my Lords) in the sound of this word *necessity*, that like a Charme it should silence the Laws, while we are pispoyl'd of all we have: for that but a part of our goods was taken, is owing to the grace and goodnesse of the King; for so much as concernes these Judges, we have no more left then they perhaps may deserve to have, when your Lordships shall have passed Judgement upon them: This for the the neglect of their Oaths, and betraying that publique trust, which for the conservation of our Lawes was reposed in them.

Now for the cruelty and unmercifulnesse of this judgement, you may please to remember that in the old Law they were forbid to seeth a Kid in his mothers milk, of which the received interpretation is, that we should not use that to the destruction of any creature which was intended for its preservation; Now (my Lords) God and Nature has given us the Sea as our best Guard against our Enemies, and our ships as our greatest glory above other Nations, and how barbarously would these men have let in the sea upon

us,

us, at once to wash away our Liberties, and to overwhelm, if not our Land, all the propriety wee have therein, making the supply of our Navy, a pretence for the ruine of our Nation; for observe I beseech you the fruit and consequence of this judgement, how this money has prosper'd, how contrary an effect it has had to the end for which they pretended to take it: On every County a ship is annually impos'd, and who would not expect, but our seas by this time should be covered with the number of our ships? Alas (my Lords) the daily Complaints of the decay of our Navy tels us how ill ship-money has maintain'd the Soveraignty of the sea: and by the many petitions which we receive from the wives of those miserable Captives at *Algier* (being between 4 and 5 thousand of our Country-men) it does evidently appeare that to make us slaves at home, is not the way to keepe us from being made slaves abroad; so farre has this judgement bin from reliving the present or preventing the future necessity, that as it changed our reall propriety into the shadow of a propriety, so of a feigned it has made a Reall necessity.

A little before the approach of the *Gaules* to *Rome*, while the Romans had yet no apprehension of that danger, there was heard a voyce in the Aire, lowder then ordinary, *The Gaules are come*, which voyce after they had sack'd the Citie, and besieged the Capitoll, was held so ominous, that *Livie* relates it as a Prodigy; This Anticipation of necessity seems to have been no lesse ominous to us; These Judges like ill boading birds

birds have call'd necessity upon the State in a time when I dare say they thought themselves in greatest security; but if it seem superstitious to take this as an Omen, sure I am we may look on it as a cause of the unfained necessity we now suffer; for what regret and discontent had this judgement bred among us? And as when the noyse and tumult in a private house growes so loud, as to be heard into the streets, it calls in the next dwellers either kindly to appease, or to make their own use of the domestick strife; so in all likelyhood our known discontents at home have been a concurrent cause to invite our Neighbours to visite us so much, to the expence and trouble of both these Kingdomes.

And here, my Lords, I cannot but take notice of the most sad effect of this oppression, the ill influence it has had upon the ancient reputation and valour of the English Nation: and no wonder, for if it be true that oppression makes a wise man mad, it may well suspend the courage of the valiant: The same happened to the Romans when for renowne in Armes they most excell'd the rest of the world; the story is but short, 'twas in the time of the *Decem-viri*, (and I think the chief-troublers of our State may make up that number.) The *Decem-viri*, my Lords, had subverted the Lawes, suspended the Courts of Justice; and (which was the greatest grievance both to the Nobility and people) had for some years omitted to assemble the Senate, which was their Parliament; This sayes the Historian did not onely deject the Romans, and make them despaire of their Liberty, but caused them

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to be lesse valued by their Neighbours : The Sabines take the advantage and invade them ; and now the *Decem-viri* are forc'd to call the long desired Senate , whereof the people were so glad , that *Hostibus belloq; gratiam habuerunt* : This Assembly breaks up in discontent, nevertheless the warre proceeds; Forces are rais'd, led by some of the *Decem-viri*, and with the Sabines they meet in the Field ; I know your Lordships expect the event ; My Authors words of his Countrey-men are these, *Ne quid ductu aut auspicio Decem-virorum prospere gereretur, vinci se patiebantur*, They chose rather to suffer a present diminution of their Honour, then by victory to confirme the tyranny of their new Masters : At their return from this unfortunate expedition, after some distempers and expostulations of the people, an other Senate, that is a second Parliament, is call'd, and there the *Decem-viri* are questioned, deprived of their Authority, imprisoned, banish'd, and some loose their lives ; and soon after this vindication of their Liberties , the Romans by their better successe made it appeare to the world, that liberty and courage dwell alwayes in the same brest, and are never to be divorced. No doubt, my Lords, but your Justice shall have the like effect upon this dispirited people ; 'tis not the restitution of our ancient Lawes alone, but the restauration of our ancient courage which is expected from your Lordships : I need not say any thing to move your just indignation that this man should so cheaply give away that which your noble Ancestors with so much courage and indu-

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ſtry had ſo long maintain'd: you have often been told how carefull they were, though with the hazard of their lives and fortunes, to derive thoſe Rights and Liberties as entire to poſterity as they received from their Fathers: what they did with labour you may do with eaſe, what they did with danger, you may doe ſecurely, the foundation of our Lawes is not ſhaken with the Engine of Warre, they are onely blaſted with the breath of theſe men, & by your breath may be reſtored.

What Judgements your Predeceſſors have given, and what puniſhments their Predeceſſors have ſuffer'd for offences of this nature, your Lordſhips have already been ſo well informed, that I ſhall not trouble you with a repetition of thoſe precedents: Onely (my Lords) ſomething I ſhall take leave to obſerve of the perſon with whoſe charge I have preſented you, that you may the leſſe doubt of the wilfulneſſe of his offence.

His education in the Inns of Court, his conſtant practice as a Councellour, and his experience as a Judge (conſidered with the miſchiefe he has done) makes it appeare that this Progreſſe of his through the Law, has been like that of a diligent Spie through a Country into which he meant to conduct an enemy.

To let you ſee he did not offend for company, there is one crime ſo peculiar to himſelfe, and of ſuch malignity, that it makes him at once uncapable of your Lordſhips favour, and his own ſubſiſtence incompatible with the right and propriety of the Subject: for if you leave him in a capacity of interpreting the Lawes, has he not already declared his opinion, That your

votes

votes and resolutions against Ship-money are voyd, and that it is not in the power of a Parliament to abolish that Judgement? To him, my Lords, that has thus plaid with the power of Parliament, wee may well apply what was once said to the Goat browsing on the Vine,

Rode, caper, vitem, tamen hinc cum stabis ad aras
In Tua quod fundi cornua possit, erit:

Hee has cropt and infring'd the privilledges of a banish'd Parliament, but now it is returned he may find it has power enough to make a Sacrifice of him, to the better establishment of our Lawes; and in truth what other satisfaction can he make his injur'd Country, then to confirme by his example those Rights and Liberties which he had ruin'd by his opinion?

For the proofes, my Lords, they are so manifest that they will give you little trouble in the disquisition; his crimes are already upon Record, the Delinquent and the Witness is the same; having from severall Seats of Judicature proclaim'd himselfe an Enemy to our Lawes and Nation, *Ex ore suo judicabitur.* To which purpose I am commanded by the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses of the House of Commons, to desire your Lordships that as speedy a proceeding may bee had against M. Justice *Crawley* as the course of Parliaments will permit.

Master

Mr. WALLERS SPEECH,

In the House of Commons, the fourth of *July*, 1643. being brought to the Bar, and having leave given him by the Speaker, to say what he could for himselfe.

Mr. Speaker.

IAck nowledge it a great mercy of God, and a great favour from you, that I am once more suffered to behold this Honourable Assembly, I mean not to make use of it to say any thing in my own defence by Justification or denyall of what I have done, I have already confessed enough to make me appeare, worthy not onely to be put out of this House, but out of the World too. All my humble request to you is, that, if I seeme to you as unworthy to live, as I doe to my selfe, I may have the Honour to receive my death from your owne hands, and not bee exposed to a Tryall by the Counsell of Warre: what ever you shall thinke me worthy to suffer in a Parliamentary way, is not like to finde stop any where else.

This (Sir) I hope you will be pleased for your own sakes to grant me, who am already so miserable, that nothing can be added to my calamity, but to be made the occasion of creating a President to your own disadvantage; besides the right I may have to this, consider I beseech you that the eyes of the world are upon

you

you governe in chiefe, and if you should expose your owne members to the punishment of others, it will be thought that you either want Power, or leisure to chastise them your selves; nor let any man despise the ill consequence of such a president as this would be, because hee seeth not presently the inconveniences which may ensue: you have many Armies on Foote, and it is uncerteine how long you may have occasion to use them. Souldiers and Commanders (though I know well they of the Parliaments Army, excell no lesse in modesty then they doe in Courage) are generally of a Nature ready to pretend to the utmost power of this kind, which they conceive to be due to them, and may be too apt upon any occasion of discontent to make use of such a President as this. In this very Parliament you have not bin without some tast of the experience hereof, it is now somewhat more than two yeares since you had an Army in the North, paid and directed by your selves, and yet you may be pleased to remember there was a considerable number of Officers in that Army, which joyned in a Petition or Remonstrance to this House, taking notice of what some of Members had said here, as they supposed to their disadvantage, and did little less then require them of you; 'tis true, there had bin some tampering with them, but what has happened at one time, may wisely be thought possible to fall out againe at another.

Sir, I presume but to point you out the danger; if it be not just, I know you will not do me the wrong

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to expose me to this triall; if it be just your Army may another time require the same justice of you, in their owne behalfe, against some other Member, whom perhaps you would be lesse willing to part with. Necessity has of late forced you into untrodden paths; and in such a case as this where you have no president of your own, you may not do amisse to looke abroad upon other States and Senates, which exercise the Supreame Power, as you now doe here.

I dare confidently say you shall finde none either Antient or Moderne, which ever exposed any of their owne order to be tryed for his life by the Officers of their Armies abroad, for what he did, while he resided among them in the Senate.

Among the Romans the practice was so contrary, that some inferiour Officers in their Army farre from the City, having been sentenced by their Generall or Commander in chief, as deserving death by their Discipline of Warre, have nevertheleſſe (because they were Senators) appealed thither, and the cause has received a new hearing in the Senate. Not to use more words to perswade you to take heed that you wound not your selves thorough my sides in violating the Priviledges belonging to your own persons, I shall humbly desire you to consider likewise the nature of my offence, (not but that I should be much ashamed to say any thing in diminution therof; God knowes 'tis horrid enough for the evill it might have occasioned) but if you looke neare it, it may perhaps apeare to be rather a Civill then a Martiall crime and so to have

Title to a Triall at the common law of the land; ther may justly be some difference put between mee and others in this businesse.

I have had nothing to do with the other Army, or any intention to begin the offer of violence to any body, It was only a civill pretence to that which I then foolishly conceived to be the right of the subject. I humbly refer it to your considerations, and to your consciences. I know you will take care not to to shed the blood of War in Peace that blood by the law of War, which hath a right to betryed by the Law of Peace.

For so much as concerns my selfe and my part in this businesse, (if I were worthy to have any thing spoken or patiently heard in my behalfe) this might truly be said, that I made not this business, but found it, 'twas in other mens hands long before it was brought to me, and when it came I extended it not, but restrained it. For the Propositions of letting in part of the Kings Army, or offering violence to the Members of this House, I ever disallowed and utterly rejected them.

What it was that moved me to entertain discourse of this business, so far as I did, I will tell you ingeniously, and that rather as a warning for others, than that it make any thing for my selfe; it was only an impatience of the inconveniences of the present War, looking on things with a carnall eye, and not minding that which chiefly (if not onely) ought to have been considered, the inestimable value of the Cause you have in hand, the Cause of God and of Religion, and the necessities you are forced upon for the maintenance of the same;

ſame; as a juſt puniſhment for this neglect, it pleaſed God to deſert and ſuffer me with a fatall blindneſſe, to be led on, and ingaged in ſuch Counſels as were wholly diſproportioned to the reſt of my life; This (Sir) my own Conſcience tells me was the cauſe of my failing, and not malice, or any ill habit of minde, or diſpoſition toward the Common-wealth, or to the Parliament: for from whence ſhould I have it? If you look on my Birth, you will not find it in my blood: I am of a ſtock which hath born you better fruit, if you look on my education, it hath been almoſt from my child-hood in this House, and among the beſt ſort of men; and for the whole practice of my life till this time, if another were to ſpeake for me, he might reaſonably ſay, that neither my actions out of Parliament, nor my expreſſions in it, have ſavoured of diſaffection or malice to the Liberties of the People, or Priviledges of Parliament.

Thus Sir, I have ſet before your eyes, both my perſon and my caſe, wherein I ſhall make no ſuch defence by denying, or extenuating any thing I have done, as ordinarily Delinquents doe, my addreſſe to you, and all my Plea ſhall onely be ſuch as Children uſe to their Parents, I have offended; I confeſſe it, I never did any thing like it before; it is a paſſage unſuitable to the whole courſe of my life beſide, and for the time to come, as God that can bring light out of darkneſſe, hath made this buſineſſe in the event uſefull to you, ſo alſo hath he to me: you have by it made an happy diſcovery of your Enemies, and I of my ſelfe, and the evil principles I walkt by; ſo that if you look either on what I

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have been heretofore, or what I now am, and by Gods grace assisting me, shall always continue to be, you may perhaps thinke me fit to be an example of your compassion and clemency.

Sir, I shal no sooner leave you, but my life wil depend on your breath, & not that alone, but the subsistence of some that are more innocent. I might therefore shew you my Children, whom the rigour of your Justice would make compleat Orphanes, being already Motherless. I might shew you a Family, wherein there are some unworthy to have their share in that mark of Infamy which now threatens us: But something there is, which if I could shew you, would move you more then all this, it is my Heart, which abhors what I have done more, & is more severe to it selfe, then the severest Judge can be. A heart (Mr. Speaker) so awakened by this affliction, and so intirely devoted to the Cause you maintain, that I earnestly desire of God to incline you, so to dispose of me, whether for life or death, as may most conduce to the advancement therof.

Sir, not to trouble you any longer, if I dye, I shall dye praying for you; if I live, I shall live serving you, and render you back the use and imployment of all those dayes you shall adde to my life.

After this having withdrawn himselfe, he was called in again, and (being by the Speaker required thereto) gave them an exact account how he came first to the knowledge of this business; as also what Lords were acquainted therwith, or had engaged themselves therein.

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